Week ending November 18 1950 Every Thursday Threepence

John Bull

First chapters of an epic book

YANGTSE INCIDENT

by LAWRENCE EARL

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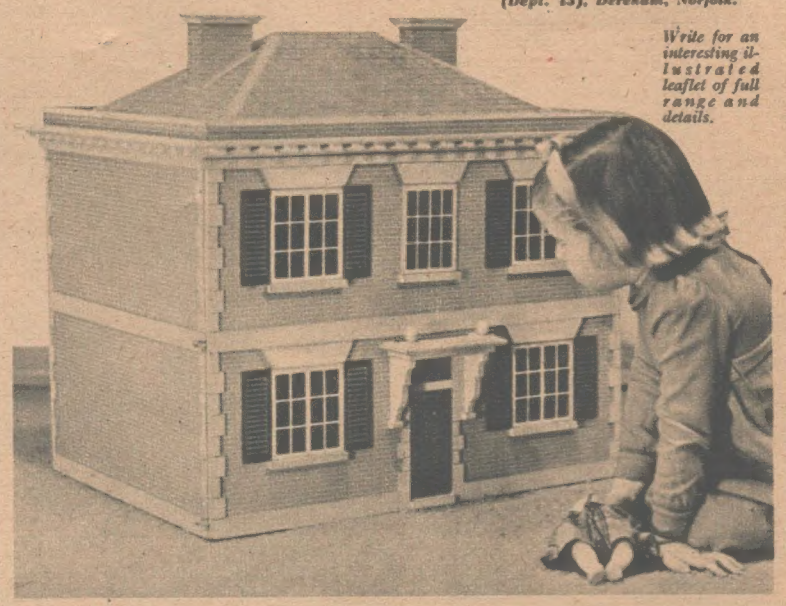

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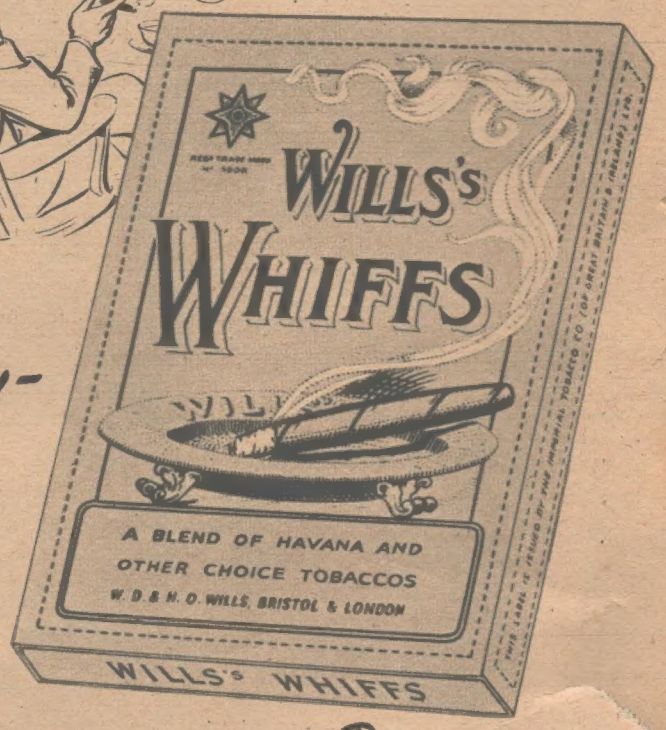

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EDITORIAL

Sell "C.D." as an insurance against atomic war

WHY ARE VOLUNTEERS for the Civil Defence services not coming forward in sufficient numbers—in spite of Government appeals?

Judged by results, the appeals to the public have failed. What's wrong, and where?

When Civil Defence was restarted two years ago, it was merely a precautionary measure and little was done to "push" it. But last summer the urgency of the scheme, and the need for volunteers, was explained to the nation by the Home Secretary. At that time the Korean battles were going badly, and a general war scare was in full blast. So when Mr. Ede announced that several thousand instructors had been trained, some volunteers came forward. The Civil Defence Corps rapidly recruited about 50,000 members.

However, even in those especially anxious days, other C.D. branches—the Fire Service, the Special Constabulary and the Hospital Reserve Service—attracted no interest.

There are sixteen million people eligible for Civil Defence because if war came they would not be conscripted into any other form of service. So far, then, only about one in three hundred has seen fit to enrol.

There is no doubt whatever that, in an emergency, people would at once come forward in millions. Their patriotism, courage and determination were proved in the last war.

BUT we British are an obstinately optimistic race. We cannot be frightened into doing something for which we feel no immediate need.

Therefore it is not enough to tell us, as the Prime Minister himself has done, that "it's no use saying 'I'll be there when the time comes!'" That the time to be there—to train—is *now*.

However true this may be, it is not the whole story, and it does not necessarily make a good recruiting appeal. Something more positive, more hopeful, is needed than the mere assurance that an atomic war's effect on civilians in cities would be swiftly catastrophic and could be mitigated only if defence forces already trained for the job were available.

After all, there is another aspect of Civil Defence besides clearing up the mess after the bombs have fallen. There is also the fact that the existence of a well-organized Civil Defence force will help to deter a possible aggressor.

Except among suicidal lunatics, the only motive for starting a war with an atomic bomb attack would be the hope of scoring a quick and decisive knockout blow. If the prospect of dealing that blow is diminished by the knowledge that your opponent is forearmed to counter and survive its worst effects, you would surely be far less likely to launch such an aggression — especially with the knowledge that a rapid counter-attack would be certain to follow.

Therefore, the best way of all to present Civil Defence to the people is as an insurance *against* war. If its value as a deterrent is convincingly explained, the Government can surely enlist the sympathy and co-operation of innumerable people who will turn a deaf ear to terrifying pronouncements which have become all too familiar.

EVERY ordinary person wants peace. It is one of the drawbacks of our vast modern democracies that individuals often feel themselves helpless to do anything towards securing it.

But here at last is a positive action which every man and woman can take!

And there is solid evidence to support a national rallying-cry of this kind. Before the last war the fear of gas attacks on an appalling scale dominated our defence preparations. Gas had been used in the first World War; there seemed every prospect that the second World War, in this respect, would begin where the first had left off.

In the event, the attack never came. And the Nazis were certainly not restrained by any humane scruples.

Therefore they were restrained by two other considerations—first, the fear of retaliation; second, but not least, by the knowledge that our preparations against gas attack were so thorough that it had little prospect of achieving a decisive success.

As with gas, so, perhaps, with the atom bomb.

And the argument in favour of training *now* is still more impressive when we realize that another war is not likely to start with a six-months "phoney" period during which we can catch up with the challenge of our perils.

Mr. Ede should talk to the people in hopeful human terms which will stir their hearts. Most men and women take out insurance policies to safeguard their families. Civil Defence—sensibly looked at—is a superb insurance policy against atomic war.

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FREE SPEECH

Childbirth without fear

FINDING THAT THEIR doctors can't give them the type of hypnotic treatment Mrs. Dare had ("Her Baby Was Born Under Hypnosis," October 28), many mothers may feel they are condemned to suffer again if they have another baby. But they may very well be wrong.

Relaxation, the keynote to easy births, can be taught during pregnancy and the mother trained to tense and flex her muscles as required—which is precisely what Mrs. Dare was doing under hypnosis.

My friend and I both had a bad time with our first babies, who were born in the breech position—feet first. Yet our second babies came easily. On the tenth day I returned home and took up normal life, with two babies to wash for and a home to run without assistance. My friend was up after five days.

The first time, we were both very frightened, and of course this made it worse. The second time, the great difference was that each of us was expecting a normal birth. We were not at all nervous—therefore we had much less pain. In the first hour after my second baby was born, I was eating steamed fish and boiled potatoes—followed by stewed plums and blancmange, to a radio accompaniment of Gracie Fields! —MOTHER, Liverpool, 12.

. . . When, as long ago as 1923, we were living in India and my wife was expecting a baby, the nearest British doctor was a long distance away. I persuaded her to have an Indian doctor. After examining her he told us gently that her delicate constitution meant that orthodox methods would be very dangerous. Would we agree to hypnotism? We finally assented, and have never regretted it. My wife had no pain, and she has since given birth to five other children without any anaesthetic.—J. ERNEST MILES, 21 Clare Road, Greenford, Middlesex.

Fiver Wasn't Wanted

ON REACHING A TOBACCONIST'S shop one morning recently, I found I had only a five-pound note, which the assistant refused to accept. At the local station the same thing happened—but luckily I found a ticket in my pocket which I used for the journey to the City. There less than a mile from the Bank of England, I tried about six shops but was unable to make a purchase at any of them.—R. S. B. WHITAKER, 26 Gade Avenue, Watford, Herts.

Parish Behind Bars

AFTER WORKING IN THREE different parishes with disgruntled men and "nattering" women, I often wonder if my time would not be better spent as a prison chaplain, serving the men whose life was described by the writer of JOHN BULL'S series, "I Was A First Offender." A chaplain can do much to relieve the monotony of prison life. After the medical examination he interviews each prisoner and is able to sum up the man and find out ways of helping him. Apart from chapel services, the chaplain is responsible for organizing study and discussion groups. Also, he can be consulted by any prisoner at any time without the usual presence of a warder, and is never compelled to divulge what is told to him in confidence. — NORTH COUNTRY PARSON, Scotland.

. . . After a man has been "inside" for a couple of years, as I have, all his fear of prison seems to leave him. That is why so many criminals keep on going back: prison is nothing to them. Family worries excepted, a man has no real troubles there. It is on his release that his worries begin.—EX-CONVICT, Bristol.

His Shoes Cost £7 10s.

WHEN ARE BOOT AND SHOE manufacturers going to cater for men with small feet? I take size four, but the smallest shoes for men are size five. Youth's size four shoes are the right length but much too narrow. Determined to get some shoes that I could wear without considerable pain, I approached a bespoke bootmaker, but was told I must first procure my own lasts. After waiting many months I got

them for two guineas and have now had a pair of shoes made. They cost me £7 10s. And I get the same trouble with socks—every pair I wear has to be hand knitted to fit me.—J. E. SMITH, 26 Sandiacre Drive, Thurmaston, Leicester.

Plan For Saving

MY HUSBAND ALSO EARNS £12 a week, but unlike G. L. ("Free Speech," October 21), we have saved £200 towards a house since 1949. In this time we have also had our third child and gone away twice on holiday. The secret is to think of your income as being on a lower level and budget accordingly. We cut ourselves down by 50s. weekly, gave up flowers for the house, sweets (the children have theirs), unnecessary new clothes, hair-dos, taxis, days at the seaside, and so on. We consider ourselves lucky to be able to save in this way and still be far better off than millions of other people.—MRS. I. M. F., London, N.W.3.

. . . With only £20 and a few sticks of furniture, we took a farm in 1946, made a five-year plan and stuck to it. The first winter, our stock died of starvation and, two days before we would have killed our poultry for Christmas, a polecat killed the lot. But today we have a herd of eight attested cattle, one horse, poultry, all the machinery we need and have furnished a seven-roomed house. Though my grocery bill is never more than £2 5s. for the four of us, my husband often remarks that we will never get rich as we live too well.—MRS. MARY JEFFERY, Tyddyn Back, Festiniog, North Wales.

Preachers In The Pub

SIMILAR WORK TO THAT OF the Methodist Sisters described in Marjorie Earl's article ("Girl Crusaders In A Caravan Named Hope," October 21), has been done by the women Salvation Army officers for the last half century or more. I was a very young and inexperienced lieutenant when, twenty years ago, the Army "opened fire" on Measham, in Leicestershire. Unlike the Methodists, we were well received by the publicans and it was a publican's widow who opened her "house" for the first meetings. In South Yorkshire, without exception, the publicans were wonderful. Like the apostle of old, I can truly say of them: "I thank God for every remembrance of you."—MRS. D. F. WHITE, 389 Bellegrove Road, Welling, Kent.

. . . In our Methodist church at Ebbw Vale a few of our young members have formed themselves into a mission band. On Sundays they go around our circuit in twos, taking the service where there is a minister short.—MRS. J. J., Ebbw Vale, Monmouthshire.

Women Yodellers

THE ART OF YODELLING lies in the ability to alternate rapidly between the normal singing voice and the *falsetto* voice. So far as I am aware there is no register in the female voice corresponding to the *falsetto* of male altos. Therefore, to Mrs. McDougal, who wants to yodel ("Free Speech," October 28), I would say that female yodelling is impossible.—S. D. BURNICLE, 17 Chatsworth Gardens, Billingham-on-Tees, Co. Durham.

. . . You have to "arrange" your throat for this type of singing. I am over fifty years old, but I still yodel at our village socials.—MRS. MAY SEABER, 80 Jubilee Street, Great Bedwyn, Wilts.

. . . Touring Switzerland last year, we visited a restaurant in Lucerne and were entertained by a party of five yodellers: three girls and two young men.—MRS. E. NEWBY, Daysprings, Ferguson Avenue, Prestatyn, North Wales.

Mending Made Easy

WHEN DARNING MEN'S wool socks, I find that the easiest way is to double-crochet some rings in the same shade of wool and sew them carefully over the worn part. They look far neater and last longer than an ordinary darn.—MRS F. BERGAN, 96 Metcalfe Street, East Bowling, Bradford, Yorks.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address are in the letter.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

A. R. THOMSON'S cover painting follows his visit to H.M.S. *St. Vincent*, which is a boys' training establishment at Gosport, Hampshire. "I was surprised," he says, "that the lads don't march like soldiers but run in formation. Not only their physique impressed me, but the way they concentrate on a command with minds and hands. I didn't realize that it's been like this since Nelson's day."

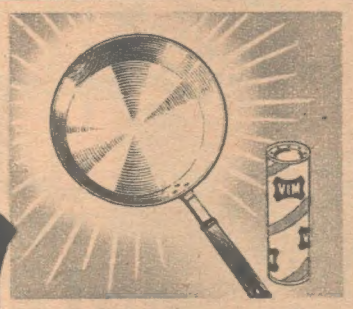
"My hair stood on end...

. . . I opened the cupboard and—good grief, that hair-raising sight! John had got himself a late meal and left my . . .

. . . frying-pan in a terrible state! But my sighs changed to smiles as I reached for the 'Vim'! Wonderful how . . .

For smoother, faster cleaning

Brighter Wives insist on VIM



. . . a few moments later, Vim's smoother, faster touch had whisked away that ugly grease!"

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With its permanised 'knife-edge' all-round pleats tapering off so cunningly into sheath-fitting, single material over the hips, it is the most flattering of all skirts. So slenderising . . . so good to look at whatever the wearer is doing. Only the GOR-RAY label could adorn such a high quality skirt at so low a price. Sold everywhere in a variety of all-wool materials. PRICE 48/9

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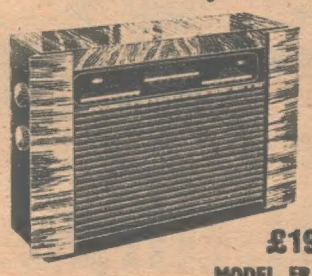

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Buy a tin of Harpic at your nearest shop and be sure of a sunshine-clean, sanitary lavatory.

Just sprinkle in a little Harpic and leave overnight. Then flush in the morning. Do it daily and your lavatory will sparkle as never before.

Harpic sweeps clean right round the S-bend, where no brush can ever reach!

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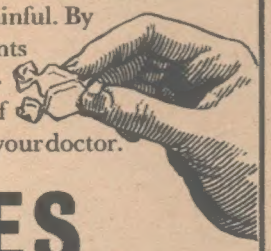
Poor Tom, he's sadly on the wane
For acid stomach is his bane
He often goes without his dinner
He'll vanish if he gets much thinner

But what a man is brother Jack
An ox to him is just a snack
He sucks two Rennies after meals
And you can guess how well he feels.

Suck two Rennies slowly, like sweets...to restore acid balance

Too much stomach acid is often the cause of after-meals pain ...but abrupt alkalisation can be equally painful. By sucking Rennies *slowly*, the neutralising agents are gently, quickly, fully absorbed. Drip-by-drip, Rennies restore correct acid balance! If Rennies *don't* relieve your indigestion, *do* see your doctor.



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for happy stomachs

Are *you* growing NERVY and DEPRESSED?

Depression often comes from a nervous system starved of Vitamin B. There is only one way to remedy it. Increase the Vitamin B content of your food.

The simplest way is to take two tablets of Phillips Tonic Yeast with your meals. It is simply *pure "LIVE" Yeast* in palatable form. And "live" Yeast is the **richest natural source of all the B vitamins.** You will be amazed at the result. You will sleep better, digest your food better, tire less quickly, feel better in every way.

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50 Tablets 1/6, 150 for 3/6, 300 for 5/9

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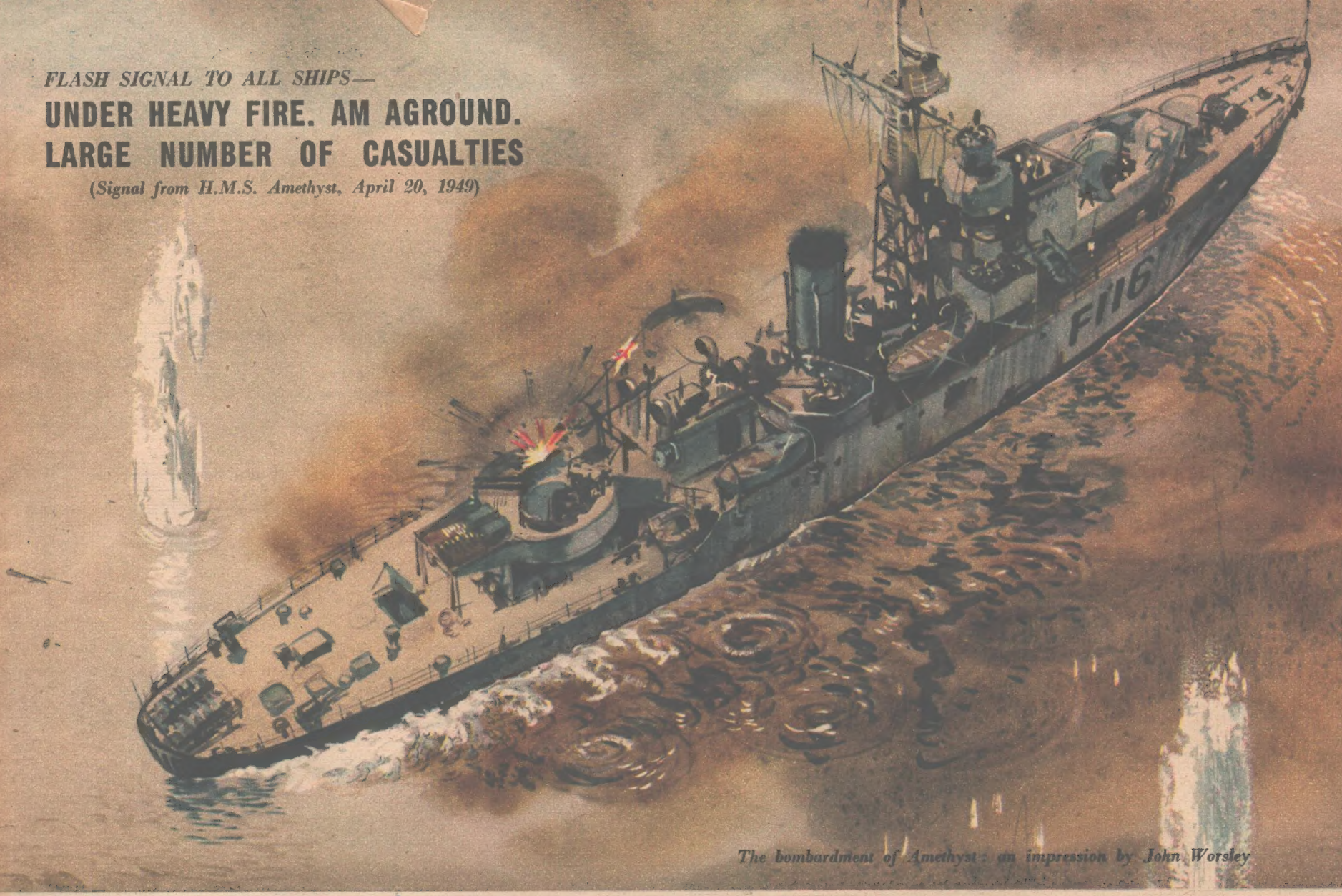
UNDER HEAVY FIRE. AM AGROUND. LARGE NUMBER OF CASUALTIES

(Signal from H.M.S. Amethyst, April 20, 1949)



The bombardment of Amethyst: an impression by John Worsley

YANGTSE INCIDENT

by LAWRENCE EARL

Starting John Bull's serial of an epic new book — the stirring story, told in full for the first time, of H.M.S. Amethyst's 101-day tussle with the Communists

SHORTLY AFTER NINE O'CLOCK on the morning of April 20, 1949, H.M.S. *Amethyst*, a neat, grey frigate of the Royal Navy, ploughed through the murky waters of the Yangtse River. Behind her she left a swirling wake of mist.

To *Amethyst's* port, along the rolling south bank of China's great waterway, Nationalist troops watched for the coming Communist attack with a fatalistic fear. To her starboard, along the flatter, swampier, mist-shrouded north bank, green-clad men of the Chinese People's Liberation Army massed assault craft and manned sullen guns.

Suddenly these same guns retched forth flame and high explosives. It was twenty minutes after nine. *Amethyst* was hit again and again. Before the shooting stopped, later that day, twenty-three of the 183 on board were dead or dying and thirty-one were wounded. The little ship was hit fifty-three times.

News of what had happened sped by wireless around the earth to Britain. *Amethyst*, the word went, was trapped. Under the close, hot muzzles of Communist batteries, she could not, it seemed, avoid destruction. At best, she faced capture by troops with whom Britain was not at war. Why, they wondered at home, had it happened? Who was to blame?

Some days previously the Communists of the north had issued an ultimatum to the Nationalists of the south. "Agree to an unopposed crossing of the Yangtse by April 20," the demand went. "If not, on the twenty-first we will launch a full-scale offensive against you." Even so, it appeared that *Amethyst*, with full clearance from the then Government of China, had more than fourteen hours of grace in which to reach Nanking with supplies for the British Embassy and for a routine changeover with *Consort*, a 1,710-ton British destroyer.

Even today it is not clear why *Amethyst* was fired upon. Was the first salvo a deliberate, sneering affront to Britain and the Royal Navy? Or, as the *Amethyst's* first lieutenant, Geoffrey Lee Weston, believes, did the Communist gunners mistake the frigate's up-river movement for the turnabout betrayal and attempted escape of a Chinese Nationalist warship which had previously agreed, for a price, to remain at the nearby river port of Kiang Yin and fight on the Communist side?

Or could it be that the Communists, trigger-happy and jumpily awaiting the order to lay down a barrage for their scheduled crossing of the river at this point in great force, were too ready to fire at anything that moved which was

not their own? Yet, if either excuse is valid, why, after *Amethyst* was identified, did the Chinese Communists keep her cooped up under threat of momentary destruction during the endless, simmering months of May, June and July?

These questions may never be answered satisfactorily. But, when the story of *Amethyst's* Yangtse adventure is condensed into the impersonal print of history, her reckless, breathless, night-long dash to safety under impossible conditions may be judged the most gallant mass escape ever made.

This is simply a factual account of the little ship's fateful 101 days and of the adventures which befell her company. By inference, it is also an appreciation of Royal Navy training which prepares officers and ratings to suffer disaster and conquer it in the end.

Into The Fighting Zone

The Yangtse is a river which suffers from seasonal floods. Loosed by the melting snows in high and distant Tibet and by the summer monsoon, the floods stir up the sand and mud along the river bottom. The quickened current pushes the whirling particles downstream. The floor of the river heaves and changes. Channels shift. A course safe for shipping in one season becomes perilous for anything but flat, shallow-draught native sampans in another. Navigation is often treacherous under all conditions but the best, and ships do not normally try to travel the Yangtse by night. In addition, at this time the Nationalists had forbidden ships to move after dark. That is why *Amethyst*, with two Chinese river pilots aboard, dropped anchor at Kiang Yin, one hundred miles up from the river's yawning mouth, late in the afternoon of April 19.

She had left Shanghai that morning carrying a youngish crew, including sixteen boy seamen fresh both to the ship and to the Far East Station. The sixteen had started upriver anticipating strange and exotic sights: queer-shaped temples against the deep orange of a setting sun, bamboo houses standing ridiculously on stilts in the shallow water, laughing, almond-eyed girls at the river's shores. Instead, they had seen flat and empty paddy fields, a few stunted trees and low, uninteresting hills in the blue distance. Tugs, hauling rafts of logs downriver, had passed them. Now and then they came to poor, mud-hued villages. That was all.

But, anchored at Kiang Yin, Lieutenant-Commander Bernard Morland Skinner, *Amethyst's* captain, spoke to his men over the ship's intercom. "The Chinese Communists are dug in along the north bank," he said. "They have already shelled the Nationalists on this side of the river. We are in the fighting zone."

Danger By Proxy

A mild but alive buzz of excitement ran through the ship's company. There was a strange feeling amongst the men, a feeling of danger by proxy. The danger was real enough, of course, to the Chinese Nationalists and to their several warships anchored nearby, but how could it threaten a single one of His Majesty's sailors? Still, even proxy danger brought with it a minor thrill.

As dusk rolled in, one of the Nationalist gunboats signalled *Amethyst* to darken ship. She did so. That night some of the new boys slept fitfully. With the dawn, *Amethyst's* bow sliced through the current up the river. An hour from Kiang Yin, fog settled silently around her, obscuring both banks of the Yangtse.

"We anchor now," one of the Chinese pilots said, nervously, and *Amethyst* dropped her hook. By half-past seven the sun had begun to burn its way yellowly through the mist and the 1,490-ton ship pushed on. Even to the boy seamen the imminent feeling of mild danger seemed to evaporate with the fog. The day was becoming warm.

Until half-past eight, activity on the ship was routine. Lieutenant-Commander Skinner had been supplied at Hongkong with intelligence which enabled him to calculate that *Amethyst* was approaching a sector of the river heavily manned on the north bank with Communist guns. Engineroom Artificer Leonard Williams, a thirty-year-old Felixstowe man, went on watch in the engineroom at eight o'clock, taking over from Engineroom Artificer Gerald Graham. "The order has come down to increase from 180 to 260 revolutions at half-past eight," Graham said.

This meant *Amethyst's* eleven-knot economical cruising speed would be raised to sixteen knots. At eight thirty the ship would be passing a Communist battery and the increase in speed was merely a precautionary measure. Williams hummed at his work.

Stoker-Mechanic Samuel (Paddy) Bannister, a pink-faced Belfast boy of twenty-one, was eating a breakfast of beans on toast and tea with Owen Aubrey, Kenneth Winfield and some other shipmates. They were idly discussing their scheduled arrival at Nanking later that day.

Leading Seaman Leslie Frank, a veteran who had seen twenty-four years' service in the Navy, was in the wheelhouse with Chief Petty Officer Rosslyn Nicholls and Ordinary Seaman Reginald Wright. Nicholls, as coxswain, was at the wheel. Wright was stationed at the port telegraph and Frank at the starboard telegraph. It was quiet in the wheelhouse. Frank was thinking that, in another year, he would be out of the Navy. He would be with his Irish wife, Kathleen, and he would be finding a new way to make a living.

Petty Officer David Heath, closed up in the transmitting station, the brain-centre of the ship's six four-inch guns, could see nothing outside the four walls of that room. Leading Seaman Thomas Mullins and the other gunners were relaxing around their twin-mounted weapons in the thickening sunshine. Petty Officer George Griffiths was busily cooking a joint of beef in the galley for the midday meal.

All was well.

At half-past eight, still at breakfast, Bannister happened to glance out of a starboard port. He was just in time to see a giant mushrooming of water, not more than twenty yards from the ship. Excitedly, he ran over to the port for a closer look. At that moment Winfield yelled from the other side: "Hey! Somebody's shooting at us!" Breakfast was forgotten.

In the wheelhouse, Leading Seaman Frank heard the whistling of the shells as they passed overhead. The ports of the wheelhouse were covered with iron deadlights and it was impossible to see out. The shells sounded very close. Frank shifted from one foot to the other. "What the hell is happening?" he demanded irritably. Nicholls, tense at the wheel, trying to catch orders as they came down the voice-pipe from the bridge, did not reply.

Frank thought: *What the hell. It's probably just some Communist shells passing over our heads to the Nationalist bank of the river. It isn't our war.*

"Full ahead both!" The order came down the voice-pipe from Lieutenant-Commander Skinner. Frank translated it to the starboard telegraph. Wright sent the message down to the port engine. The ship leaped ahead.

Get On To Target!

Meanwhile, Telegraphist Jack French, a tall, dark young man with rather soft eyes, had just come off the morning watch. He was feeling hungry and wasted no time in getting down to the messdeck, where he made himself a "herringsin" sandwich. The principal ingredient was a tinned herring in tomato sauce. "I didn't hear any shellfire," he said later.

With the first shots, Heath, in the transmitting station, had heard through his earphones Lieutenant-Commander Skinner ordering Union Jacks unfurled down the sides of the ship. Then he heard Skinner say: "Director, get on to target!" Because it is difficult to engage a target which has not yet been located, this order was not carried out. The Communist batteries were completely hidden in low scrub. In this preliminary bombardment (of which no account appeared in the Press at the time) no one was hurt and no damage was done. The Communist guns stopped firing after about twelve rounds. Perhaps, by then, the gunners recognized the unfurled Union Jacks.

Amethyst's guns were unloaded. Later, Lieutenant Weston said: "No one was worried. You don't worry until you're hit." He added ruefully: "I remember hoping vaguely that one of the shots would just scrape the ship's side. We had exceeded our paint allowance and I knew if this happened we would get more."

By a quarter to nine the danger seemed well over. As soon as the firing stopped, Lieutenant-Commander Skinner wrote out a signal to be sent to Hongkong describing what had happened. He sent it down to the wireless office to be coded before transmission. French was called back on duty to help Petty Officer Telegraphist Mewse and Leading Telegraphist Crocker in coding the message. Because of what followed, this message was never transmitted.

A Crashing Explosion

At twenty minutes past nine, Lieutenant Weston stood on B-gundeck, just above the captain's cabin. Beside him, Mr. Monaghan, the commissioned gunner, was breaking out more ammunition.

A shell whined overhead.

"They've started firing again!" Petty Officer Alfred White announced in a surprised voice.

Amethyst was passing another battery of the Chinese People's Liberation Army. The battery was on a point of land near a village called Sanchiang-ying. To port was Rose Island, small, flat and triangular. Ahead, the channel twisted and turned. Skinner ordered "Full ahead both!" A second later Frank, in the wheelhouse, heard a crashing explosion. Someone screamed. As Frank felt a swift, flat blow on his back and

THE AUTHOR

Lawrence Earl

LAWRENCE EARL did not sail in *Amethyst*. That her story can be told is the result of his many months' work interviewing members of the ship's company after her triumphant return. Tracing them was not easy. Some he met in *Amethyst* while she was refitting, but many were scattered throughout the country, and a few had left the Service altogether. In all he took down 100,000 words in notes. Then came the gigantic task of weaving the individual stories into a complete picture.

Lawrence Earl was born in Canada in 1915. He first came to Britain in 1944 as war correspondent for the *Montreal Standard*. After the war he toured Europe, freelancing with his wife, also a journalist. Deciding to settle in Britain, he later joined the staff of JOHN BULL.

THE ARTIST

John Worsley

FEW ARTISTS COULD illustrate *Yangtse Incident* better than thirty-one year old John Worsley. A former official naval war artist, he took part in the landings in Italy and later was captured while on an exploit with the Jugoslav Partisans. His work hangs in the Imperial War Museum. Worsley joined *Amethyst* at Gibraltar on her return from the Far East. He made many sketches aboard, using them as a basis for his paintings for JOHN BULL.

Working party aboard *Amethyst* during period she was held trapped on the Yangtse. At the time the picture was taken—by one of the officers—Kerans was already planning escape

dropped to the floor, he saw Nicholls fall to one side, dragging the wheel to port with him. This first hit, as it turned out, sealed *Amethyst's* fate.

Frank was dazed. He jumped to his feet a moment later, wondering what had hit the ship. Nicholls was groaning. He had been seriously hit through his right thigh and he had a gash on his forehead. Frank pulled Nicholls's hand from the wheel and turned the wheel back amidships, trying to get *Amethyst* back on to the course Nicholls had been steering. "Wheelhouse to bridge!" he shouted up the voice-pipe. "Wheelhouse to bridge!" But there was no reply. . . .

As soon as the shell had hit the wheelhouse, Weston hurried to the bridge. He passed through the wheelhouse on his way. "I saw various bodies lying about," he reported later. "There were gasps and groans. I was in a hurry."

Weston was gunnery officer as well as first lieutenant. When he reached the bridge, he asked Skinner, who had increased speed, if he could return the fire. "Yes," Skinner said. Weston took the phone from Ordinary Seaman Albert Driscoll, his communications number. "Open fire!" he ordered.

As he handed the phone back to Driscoll he heard the ear-shattering burst and crash of an explosion very near at hand. He felt a hot piece of steel biting in through his ribs. It was as though he had been hit by a heavyweight boxer. He doubled up and for some time he did not seem able to breathe. Two more direct hits, one after the other, caught the bridge. Though Weston was dazed, he was dimly aware that the others were falling around him like skittles—Skinner, Lieutenant Mirehouse, the ship's navigator, Lieutenant Berger, Able Seamen Donald Redman, Driscoll, Signalman Dennis Roberts, and one of the Chinese pilots. They were all hit and on the deck.

"Would you like me to take over, sir?" Weston asked after a while. He found it hard to speak. Skinner nodded at him feebly. . . .

There is a small red indication light in the wheelhouse of *Amethyst* which burns only when the gyro compass is not working. Frank saw that the red light was burning. "Wheelhouse to bridge!" he yelled once more. He was frantic. With the iron deadlights covering the ports and the steel doors shut, he was blind to what was going on outside. He was unable to see where *Amethyst* was headed. Much worse, it now seemed that he had no voice communication outside the wheelhouse.

Frank took a course on the magnetic compass and put the ship steady on it. Then he clattered up the ladder to the bridge. He saw Skinner, Weston, Berger, Mirehouse, Driscoll, Redman and Roberts all unconscious or wounded and on the deck. Berger's clothes, except for his trousers and a collar still around his neck, had been blown off him. Frank was struck with the sudden, awful realization that, for the moment at least, the fate of the ship rested squarely in his hands. From the bridge he saw, with a feeling of shocked horror, that *Amethyst* was heading straight for the bank, which now loomed very close. He slid, almost convulsively, down the ladder into the wheelhouse and pushed the wheel hard over to starboard. He was breathing hard.

Hit Stills *Amethyst's* Guns

Meanwhile, in the transmitting station, Heath's only knowledge of what was going on came through his earphones. He was connected by them to the control office and to the gun director. Suddenly he heard Weston speaking to Lieutenant Keir Hett, the young and boyish-looking director-control officer. "Alarm starboard!" Weston said. After a moment, his voice came over the earphones again. He was panting heavily. "Engage target," he said, and gave the bearing. His words were broken up by gusty and uncontrolled breathing. *What the devil's the matter with him?* Heath thought. *Is he hit?*

Heath pressed the fire buzzer on Weston's order to do so. He should have heard *Amethyst's* guns roar immediately after. Nothing happened. *Amethyst's* guns were still. A shell, bursting into the low power room, had killed Manchester-born Electrician's Mate Sydney Hicks and put the machinery there out of commission. The complicated apparatus for controlling all six guns together was useless.

Monaghan, standing beside Heath, began to swear, quietly but bitterly, to himself. "Damn it," he said. "This is the third time I've been out East and every time I've pulled a packet!" He seemed to take it as a personal affront.

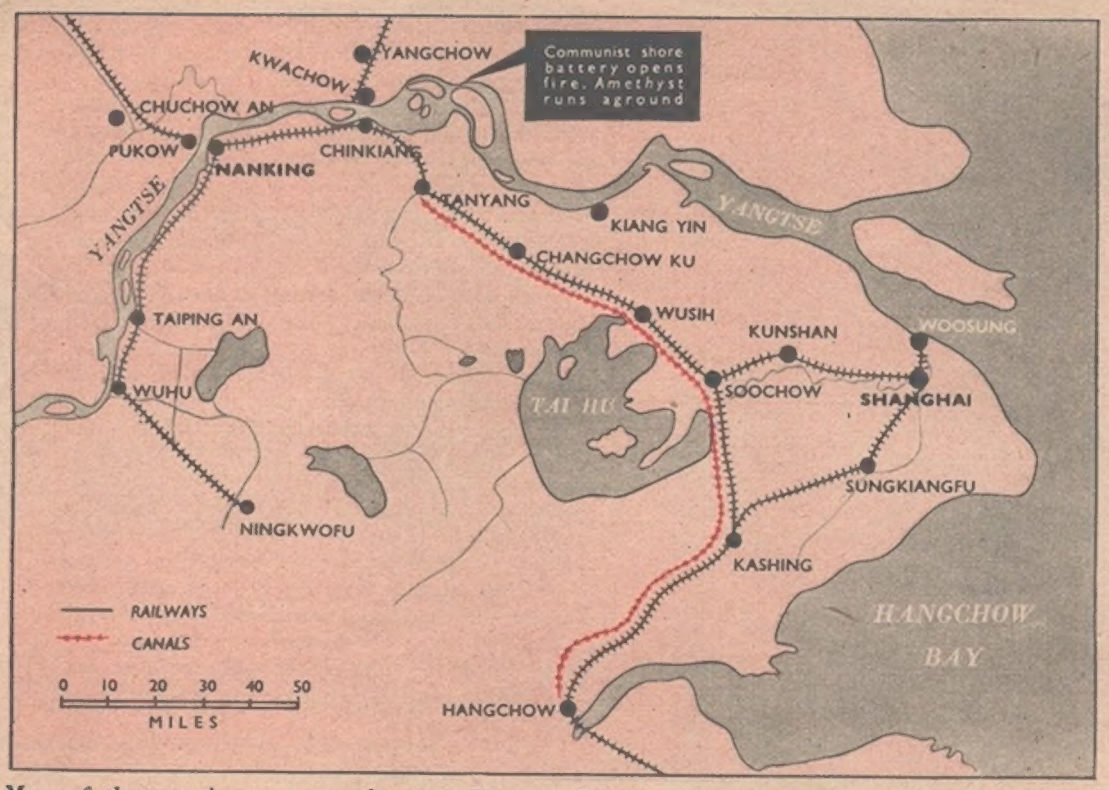
Weston, coming out of his first daze after being wounded, saw that *Amethyst* was heading straight for the shore of Rose Island. He did not know that Frank had momentarily visited the bridge. He began shouting orders down to the wheelhouse to avoid the bank. He felt so certain that *Amethyst* was going aground that he turned to Skinner and asked, "Shall I drop anchor, sir?" Skinner's eyes were shut. Weston then realized that he was very seriously hurt and there was no use consulting him further.

A Moment Of Panic

"Full astern both!" Weston yelled over the voice-pipe. Frank leaped to the port telegraph and put it into full astern. He tried to do the same with the starboard telegraph. He strained at the lever. It would not budge. He tried short, violent jerks with his whole weight and strength behind each jerk. There was no response. The starboard telegraph was jammed.

He was perspiring freely. He tried to get through to the engineroom on the voice-pipe. "Wheelhouse to engineroom!" he called. There was a note of frenzy in his voice. "Wheelhouse to engineroom!" He couldn't get through. He had a feeling of approaching hysteria and then, as he felt the ship oozing into the mud, the feeling disappeared. There was no jar, no sudden stop. It was like running into a feather bed.

Now that *Amethyst* was stuck in the mud, with



Map of the treacherous, ever-changing Yangtse River, scene of *Amethyst's* heroic adventure

her stern towards the Communist guns, A- and B-guns were no longer able to bear on the target. X-gun was ordered into local control. Since the transmitting station was now also of no use, Heath and Monaghan joined the ratings from A- and B-guns on the upper deck. Some of them backed up X-gun, which was now spitting away, with first aid and as ammunition supply parties. Heath tended the wounded. The decks were slippery with blood and the ship smelled of burned powder. It seemed strange to Heath that the sun was still shining brightly.

Weston ordered *full astern*. This time the engineroom received the order. But it was no good: the ship remained where she was, her bow driven three feet deep in the soft, sucking river bottom. *Amethyst*, fast in the mud, was a sitting duck. It seemed only a matter of time before she was completely destroyed with all on board. The shells poured in regularly, a sickening, crashing, maiming hit every minute or less. There seemed no hope at all—unless—unless *Consort* should be able to get down river from Nanking and pull them off. Even then, they would have to make a mad dash for the open sea, running a gauntlet of Communist guns. But first they had to get off the mud. Would *Consort* come in time, they wondered. . . .

In The Engineroom

When the first crashing hit shook the ship, Lieutenant Ernest Wilkinson, the engineer officer, was in his cabin making out claims for war medals. Immediately Wilkinson pushed the papers aside and ran towards his action station in the engineroom. He met Engineroom Artificer Stanley Roblin on the way. Roblin, who was wearing sandals, went aft to his locker to change into shoes. At that moment a shell burst through the bulkhead and exploded, spraying his head and a narrow path down his spine with shrapnel. He collapsed.

"We were so busy," Engineroom Artificer Williams said afterwards, "that we couldn't get to him then. When a ship is at full speed the engineroom staff is fully occupied taking readings of gauges and throttles. We had a full head of steam in the boilers and the throttles were wide open, and we had to keep a close watch to avoid stoppage of machinery."

One young stoker scrambled down the ladder into the engineroom. His face seemed ready to fall apart with the sudden, harsh impact of his first action. He was very close to hysteria. "Blood!" he yelled. "There's blood everywhere!" He had just come down from the upper deck. "All right," Wilkinson said quietly, reassuringly. "Keep it under your hat." Wilkinson, at thirty-six, was a veteran. The kid was nineteen. He sucked in a great gasp of air and seemed to steady down. "Yes, sir!" he said.

The Yangtse Incident was to foreshadow graver issues developing in the Far East

Shortly after half-past nine, Williams saw the port telegraph move to *stop*. The starboard telegraph, however, remained at *full speed*. This was an extraordinary combination. Then he saw that someone in the wheelhouse was trying to force the starboard telegraph, without success, to *stop*. On his own initiative, Williams stopped both engines. It was fortunate he did so. If he had not, *Amethyst* would undoubtedly have driven even more deeply and disastrously into the mud. . . .

Died In Arms Of Friend

As soon as Weston saw *Amethyst* was firmly aground he left the bridge. He went down through the wheelhouse and saw that Wright was mortally wounded.

"Come on, lad," Weston said. "I'll give you a hand." He tried to carry Wright down the hatch to the next deck for medical aid. He had forgotten his own wound in his eagerness to help. Suddenly he felt his shoulder go, completely without strength and out of control. Wright slid down the ladder into a rating who had been standing at its foot. The rating took him down the next flat into the sick bay. An hour later Wright died in the arms of his friend, Electrical Artificer Lionel Chare. His last thoughts were of his family. "Find my photograph album," he told Chare, "and send it to my mother."

It was 9.35 a.m. when *Amethyst* went aground. Afterwards many of her ship's company could not believe that it had happened so very soon after the opening of the action. Too much had happened in too short a time. . . .

His First Action

When the second shelling began, Stoker-Mechanic Bannister was below decks with Leading Stoker-Mechanic Ormrod. "Let's go up to see what's happening," Ormrod suggested, unable to contain his excitement. "Sure," Bannister agreed. He was a little scared. It was his first action.

Ormrod went ahead, with Bannister about to follow, when a shell came through the low power room bulkhead. This was on the starboard side of *Amethyst*. Bannister heard an explosion and seemed enveloped in a great, yellow flash of light. Suddenly he couldn't breathe. Blood seemed to be spurting all over him. He thought at first he had been hit in the face. He hadn't. A shell splinter had entered his chest and was lodged tightly against the right branch of his windpipe.

Somehow, gasping and constantly fighting the pain, Bannister managed to crawl to the after messdeck. Half a dozen other wounded men were already there. Stoker-Mechanic Arthur Brown, a friend of Bannister's, was helping some of them.

"Brownie," Bannister said, "will you put a piece of cloth in my mouth so I can bite on it, like, and kill the pain?"

"Sure, Paddy. What's wrong?"

"I can't breathe."

Brown rolled up a piece of gauze for Bannister to bite on. He put a lifebelt under his head for a pillow. Surgeon-Lieutenant John Alderton was administering morphia to the men by hypodermic to kill the pain and to reduce the shock. He gave a shot to Bannister. For a long time it didn't seem to have any effect. Bannister continued to bite hard on the wad of gauze. He made a faint hissing noise as he breathed, and little beads of perspiration broke out on his forehead, gathered into larger drops and fell in shining rivers down his nose and along the sides of his face. . . .

Amethyst Goes Off The Air

At about twenty minutes to ten o'clock on the morning of April 20 *Amethyst* sent out this signal in plain, uncoded English: *Flash signal to all ships*—UNDER HEAVY FIRE. AM AGROUND. LARGE NUMBER OF CASUALTIES. She also gave her position, but in the chaotic mix-up of the moment gave it incorrectly. After sending that first message, *Amethyst's* power went off. The low power room had been hit and, for the time being, she was without contact with the outside world.

Amethyst's signal was picked up by H.M.S. *Consort*, lying at Nanking but due to sail later that day after *Amethyst's* expected arrival. The news was relayed to Sir Ralph Stevenson, the British Ambassador, who wasted no time in sending urgent dispatches to the headquarters of Mao Tse-tung, the Communist leader. Stevenson asked Mao for a cease-fire.

One of those involved in the relaying of that first message from *Amethyst* to the Ambassador was the Embassy's Assistant Naval Attaché. His name was John Simon Kerans. His rank was that of lieutenant-commander. At the time, he had no idea how vitally important the *Amethyst* affair would later become to him. . . .

NEXT WEEK: Weston gives the order to evacuate. Then "Consort" sails to the rescue, guns blazing.

BEDSIDE MANNER

by ***LAURENCE KIRK***

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

The doctor didn't like his patients, but he liked their jewels. Then came a test case

THERE IS NO DOUBT that there was a streak of perversity in Alan Maskelyne and that it showed itself at a very early age. As a baby he was a precocious and professional crawler. Perhaps that was because he had too many doting aunts; but whatever the reason, if you were left in charge and did not attend very strictly to your duties, Alan's little round backside would very shortly be seen disappearing through the doorway.

As a boy this propensity for crawling very naturally developed into one for climbing. No tree was safe from him; and twice he got himself into such impossible places that the fire brigade had to be called to get him down again. But he was not a stupid boy in any way and he soon learned the importance of the old tag: *ars est celare artem*—real art conceals art. When he went to the university neither fire engines nor proctors were ever called upon to haul him down; but during his period of residence, certain common articles of bedroom furniture kept appearing on Gothic pinnacles and other unsuitable and inaccessible places.

It was to be expected that this same odd streak would reappear in some form after he had qualified and taken up practice. But at that period it went underground. Dr. Maskelyne became a very staid young man, always faultlessly dressed in morning coat and stiff collar.

It did not take him long to discover that the minor maladies of the rich were a better source of income than the serious illnesses of the poor; and as he appreciated the good things of life, he moved from the East End up to the West and took up a practice near Belgrave Square. But beneath his faultless clothes and beautiful bedside manner, he was a thoroughly competent physician. His rich women patients had the comforting feeling that, if the time came when they would need something more than a little hand-patting, Dr. Maskelyne would do as much for them as any other doctor could, and far more gracefully than most.

He never married. Good-looking doctors who have a large number of rich women patients very rarely do: they have been warned. And besides, with a little golf and a little fishing he was perfectly happy as he was and could look forward to a life of increasing affluence and comfort.

It was not till the controversy started over the National Health Act that he began to feel uneasy in his mind. Should he opt in or opt out? Could he do justice to all his private patients if he had in addition a panel of two thousand or more? Of course, he couldn't. Well then, who needed him most? The panel obviously. But wouldn't that

Continued on page 25

"Go back to bed at once," said Maskelyne. The boy came slowly and deliberately downstairs

Multi-millionaire who makes racing pay

by GUY ANGUS

Marcel Boussac, the world's most successful owner, is not in racing for fun. The grey caps and orange blouses of his jockeys are the trade-mark of a business run as calmly as he runs his cotton empire

PARIS

AT TEN TO NINE, almost every morning, an unpretentious grey limousine purrs slowly into the grimy rue Poissonière in Paris and pulls up before a tall, grey building like a barracks. A stout, dapper little man of sixty, his luncheon basket clasped between his fingers, shuffles out and gets into the lift which takes him to his office on the third floor. Marcel Boussac, one of the richest men in Europe, is always at work ten minutes before his staff. "Look as though you enjoy work," he says. "It is a good principle."

Partly because he *does* enjoy work, Boussac today possesses factories, shops and other industrial interests whose estimated value is between ten and twelve million pounds. His three hundred horses are worth two million, and his gross trading receipts are said to total two hundred and fifty million pounds a year.

At Chantilly, I met a man who has known the multi-millionaire professionally for more than fifteen years. When I asked him why Boussac was the wealthiest industrialist in Continental Europe and the most successful racing owner the world has ever known, he said simply: "He works like a nigger."

At a race meeting, with a permanent faraway look in his spaniel-like eyes, he seems indifferent to life itself, living only on a nerve-stream of financial calculations. He never goes to the cinema, the theatre or parties. He rarely goes to a "business dinner": the telephone is quicker. He is always invited to the great national galas, "but he never accepts unless business obliges him to," says his closest friend, M. Gérôme Lévy.

Boussac has a summer villa, Le Prieuré, in the Channel resort of Dinard. In recent years he has rarely found time for a holiday, so he has converted his villa into a summer home for the children of his employees. When he is tired by long hours of work he drives to Dinard for a weekend with the children.

Most Frenchmen in Boussac's position would have a splendid mansion with a walled courtyard and a huge salon for throwing parties. In Paris, Boussac lives in a top floor flat in the wealthy suburb of Neuilly, with views over the Bois de Boulogne. But Boussac does not see the views: on the roof he has had built a glass-brick tower reached by a hand worked lift. There, at ten o'clock almost every night, he retires to work.

Boussac rises at six each morning, and is at Chantilly by seven to watch his horses being exercised. He is back in the rue Poissonière by ten to nine, carrying his sandwich lunch in a little wicker basket like thousands of his spinners and weavers, and eating it on a corner of his desk while working. "Sometimes he forgets to lunch at all," says Jules Le Robinhac, doorman at the rue Poissonière. "Then at about four o'clock the telephone rings and one of his secretaries says: 'Tell the concierge to fry an egg for Monsieur Marcel.' "

That is Boussac the machine. Friends say there is another Boussac. Gérôme Lévy, for instance, has seen him with the workmen's children at Dinard and with Boussac's own grandchildren. "When work permits," he declares, "Boussac is much interested in the art of being a grandfather. Nobody is more indifferent to praise or reproach, but he does not ignore the life of the humble. He always says that his chats with his workmen have taught him more than hours spent planning in offices."

Born in 1890, the son of a small industrialist in central France, Boussac went to work at seventeen as a factory hand. When he returned home to Chateauroux his father gave him the direction of the family business, then worked as his eighteen-year-old son's assistant. However, Chateauroux was too small and Boussac's ideas too bold. "Reorganize" was already his motto. Soon his father paid him 100,000 francs to buy back his own little factory from the young man who wanted to scrap half the machinery and borrow a fortune from the bank.

With the money, Boussac took an office among the textile warehouses of Paris. By the time he was twenty-two, he had a large factory. Two years later war broke out. Boussac received big government contracts and became rich almost overnight. He bought the third Rolls-Royce ever seen in Paris.

His First Racehorse

At this time, one of his closest friends was Leon Blum, the French Socialist leader. Blum, who had inherited a fortune and given it all away to the Socialist Party, somehow admired this strange little dynamo of a man whose sole thought was to build an industrial empire. "If you could persuade animals to do your work for nothing, you would," Blum teased him.

Reflecting on the sally, Boussac bought a half-share in his first racehorse a few weeks later.

"He is a misunderstood and unknown figure," says his friend Lévy. "People think that all he wants to do is to make money. But the only thing that lures him is success. He reinvests most of his profits in expansion."

The Industrial Cotton Exchange, Boussac's main enterprise, was set up in the rue Poissonière in 1917 with Brazilian and American cotton stocks brought to France in neutral Swedish ships. How far the cotton empire extends today is difficult to say, for the Boussac organization is tight-lipped; but the experts guess that he has nearly sixty factories, 25,000 workers, and about one hundred shops—including a New York teenage shop and a company selling special Negro cosmetics to Senegalese women.

A comparatively minor side to the Boussac scene includes the fashion world. He launched Christian Dior with sixty million francs and as much Boussac textiles as he might want. Dior's trump card, as far as Boussac was concerned, was that he intended to introduce a longer skirt—involving more material and thus more trade for Boussac's textile industry.

Despite his multiple interests, Boussac is best known to the world as the man who makes money out of racing. The grey caps and orange blouses of Boussac's jockeys are the trade-marks of a scientifically organized business undertaking. With his assistant, Comte François de Brignac, and his chief trainer, Henri Semblat, he runs his

Boussac leads in his colt Galcador after winning this year's Derby. He never gets excited

Madame Boussac was once a *prima donna*. Marcel flew to London every night to hear her

stables at Chantilly and near Versailles as calmly and methodically as he runs the Industrial Cotton Exchange. On his accounts it says: "Oats bought, so many francs," and immediately opposite: "Dung sold, so many francs."

Unlike the Baron de Waldner or the Aga Khan or other famous owners, Boussac is not in racing for the fun of it. With him it is a life-long—but strictly controlled—passion. Most owners are pleased if their stables nearly pay for themselves. Boussac makes over £30,000 a year out of racing. He rarely bets, and even then never more than a nominal sum.

Chantilly, Boussac's headquarters, is like a leafy English village; it has English shopkeepers, English bartenders and an entirely English atmosphere—although some of the Englishmen who work there have never seen England, and most come from families which settled in France two or three generations ago. Boussac bought the Villa Teddy in 1946 and completely renovated it. The main oblong yard, with the clink of bits and the smell of horses everywhere, has seventy-five boxes. At the end of the yard is the office and flat of Miss Irene Sherwood, Boussac's English stable secretary.

Miss Sherwood—"Miss Irène" to the stable-lads—is a tall, blonde girl who comes from a training family and who seems to have inherited the Boussac air of efficiency. She tells a tale about Boussac, however, which shows that even the inflexible man of business may be deterred by a woman's intuition.

"I had a dream about an aircraft accident a few days before we were to fly Arbar to Ascot two years ago," she said. "I told Semblat, our trainer, about the dream."

" 'It is too much to risk,' he said. He rang up Boussac, who said 'Send the horse by boat.' Arbar won. M. Boussac, regretting having given way to a whim, ordered that he should come home by air. A few days later, the same plane crashed in the Mediterranean. My dream was true—it was only the date that was wrong."

Boussac goes to all important races in which his colours are entered. He once withdrew a horse from a race in England solely because he could not get there to watch. Lévy, who usually accompanies Boussac, says: "Boussac is a strange animal. He never shows a sign of excitement when the horses draw near the post."

After leading in a winner, Boussac goes back to his box and with pencil and paper works out how long the winner's unborn foal would take to cover the same course if the winner were crossed with such and such a mare. If the answer is not satisfactory, Boussac crosses the unborn foal with another mare and pursues the problem to another generation. He says: "I practise in-breeding [breeding between close relations—Coronation was the result of a brother-sister mating] and outcrossing [crossing of different races]. The one corrects the excesses of the other. I try to foresee ten years in advance what blood I shall need, and plan accordingly."

Unapproachable After Defeat

When he loses, Boussac is bad-tempered. After the recent crushing defeat of his three entries in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, he was unapproachable for hours.

Not all Boussac's horse profits come from the racetrack alone. He has an excellent thoroughbred stud. He proudly boasts that "whereas before the war American owners bought ninety per cent in Britain, ten per cent in France, today they buy ninety per cent in France."

Yet he loves England dearly. "In his early years he took the Lancashire cotton mills as his example of industrial progress," a friend said. "Today he takes Britain as an example of life. The interest of the English man in the street for racing is something he can understand. When we were at Ascot he said to me: 'If only it were like this in France! If only Longchamps were as good as Ascot!' "

This year, when Boussac went to England to see White Rose run in the Cesarewitch, he stayed at the Savoy Hotel. When the chambermaid brought his bags into his room she asked: "Can you give me anything good for the Cesarewitch?"

He thought the question over seriously.. "If the weather holds and if White Rose is in as good a form as when I saw her last, well, perhaps it might be worth a bet. On the other hand——" and, as seriously as if he were talking to a member of the Jockey Club, he went on to explain why his horse might not win. Later, he admitted it was the first time a chambermaid had treated him like a human being.

The Romance In His Life

Boussac has an explosive temperament, but he cannot express it. Anger simmers inside him like a fever. His secretaries—two for horses, four for cotton—say this silent wrath can be terrible.

Only one thing ever threatened to break the calculated routine of his life. In the early twenties Boussac used to go for relaxation to the opera; there he first saw Fanny Heldy, a very emotional soprano who used to make operagoers weep. After every performance her admirers would find her exhausted and broken by the rôle. Fanny touched Boussac's heart and he sent round his card. For weeks he occupied the same front-row stall; when the *prima donna* went to Covent Garden, Boussac flew to London every night, but he was always at his desk at eight fifty next morning. Today, Fanny Heldy is Madame Boussac. She is the only woman in France to hold a jockey's licence.

Young business men often ask Boussac his recipe for success. He told one of them recently: "I never trust the written word. Statistics, graphs and reports reveal everything but the truth. Go to see for yourself. If you cannot go, send someone else whose eyes are yours." THE END

A weight landed on Robert's back. He fell heavily to the ground. "Run, Gabriel," Anna shouted. "Run while you can. I can't hold him for long"

SECRET OF THE BLACK BRAE

by MACDONALD HASTINGS

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL RAINER

Daggers was desperate now. Everything was going wrong. He had to get the jewels. Only Cork stood in his way

ROBERT SHIPLEY WASN'T MUCH USE as an insurance man. With a gun in his hands he was a different customer. And with a gun he was now hunting Gabriel Daggers, the half-mad ex-commando who was responsible for his being in Edendale in the Highlands.

With Montague Cork, general manager of the Anchor Accident Insurance Company, Robert was investigating a claim for £25,000. The policy was taken out by Daggers a few months before a body identified as his had been found in the River Edendale. The money was left to Anna Pryde, a famous young ballerina, on condition that she did not marry for three years.

The clause aroused Cork's first suspicion, shared by Anna, that Daggers was still alive.

Cork, Anna and Robert were not the only people interested in Daggers. At Edendale they found Kurt, a suave foreigner, and Madame Breuvart, a Frenchwoman.

Anna's attitude to Daggers baffled Robert. He knew she was not in love with the man, but she seemed to pity him, to want to protect him. When, one night, she disappeared from the hotel, he realized at once that Daggers must have sent her a message. Driving after her with Cork, they were trapped by Snatcher, a local poacher, who had been Daggers's ghillie; he had hidden in the back of the car.

Crashing the car, Robert overpowered Snatcher —and was then surprised by Daggers himself, who knocked him out with a spanner. Unconscious, Robert missed what followed next: the sudden arrival of Kurt and a companion. Daggers made himself scarce, and Cork, in a battle of wits with Kurt, was able to piece together the mystery of Gabriel Daggers.

Kurt and Madame Breuvart were after the Pongratz jewels, a fabulous collection looted by Daggers during a commando raid in France. Who the dead man in the river was, Cork didn't know —yet.

While Kurt was hunting Daggers, Cork set off to walk back to the hotel to bring help. Robert set off on a different mission. After visiting Snatcher's hut, where Daggers had hidden, he prepared to comb the hills. He didn't get far. Before him on the rocks stood Anna. "Don't move," she shouted. "Whatever you do, don't move. He's up there on the hill and he's got a rifle."

PART 6

"This Is The Reckoning"

ANNA was working her way down the steep hill towards him, dancing from one rocky platform to another, picking her footing among the crags, choosing her path with the agility of a mountain hare. At intervals, she stopped to shout incoherent warnings.

Robert brought his rifle to the ready, rolled over the wing of the safety catch and, with the sharpened instinct of the hunter and the hunted, stood his ground and searched the broken surface of the hill above him. After the first surprise of seeing her, he never glanced at Anna at all. Somewhere among the rocks a few hundred yards above him, perhaps nearer, Daggers was looking for him. But Robert, wise in the experience of living dangerously, realized almost without conscious reasoning, that he was a difficult target. The light, in the early dawn, was still vague and

Continued on page 29

Father tackles the career problem

I nearly fell into the old thought-trap that catches most parents. I was dreaming of my own ambitions instead of concentrating on the boy

by JOHN MAY

TOWARDS THE END of the school holidays last summer my sons grew bored. And then one day Rodney discovered an elm tree that had fallen into a ploughed field. It was rotting and wasting a lot of land. "Ask the farmer if we can clear it out of his way, Dad," he suggested.

The two oldest boys attacked with crosscut saw and wedges, and eventually I had to borrow a horse and cart for Rod to bring the pieces home. But before this I was worried about the long hours he was putting in; log-splitting is pretty heavy work even for a man. "Don't fret," Rodney said, grinning. "We've recruited some other boys to help. I cut them in on the wages you give us, and act foreman."

I have a suspicion that somebody put him up to this. Probably his young brother, Garry, who promptly "organizes" anybody who will allow it. All the same, it showed enterprise, and threw a hopeful light on a problem that had been nudging my mind for some months.

Rodney is now fifteen. If we wish, he can leave school at the end of this term. Like any youngster, he is keen to say goodbye to blackboards and gain the envied status of a young man with money. I am more concerned with his future. How are we to find him a fitting career?

My Wife Had A Different View

With five sons to launch into manhood, I cannot sidestep this question. We hope that in the next twenty years or so Garry, Richard, Jonathan and baby Adrian will also, as their turns come, step out successfully into the wage-earning world. "What we want to know," I said to my wife, "is how to handle *any* boy, not just what to put Rodney to in particular."

"He'll be all right if he finds a nice girl to marry," she said. She was not so interested in my theories as she would be in the prospects of a particular job. The point was to find one.

I made the usual false starts. Friends and relatives are not the best advisers. They mostly have packets of prejudice or bundles of thwarted ambition to sell. One suggested insurance or banking—"that's where the cash is." Another plugged the Civil Service. "Sit on your seat for fifty years," I quoted at him, "and hang your hat on a pension." Temptation whispered I should buy a farm. "With five sons to do the work, you'd make a fortune." But no; I want my kids to live their own lives, not mine.

Rodney can sketch pretty well, and he has good comic ideas. He will draw anywhere, whether it is on the wall or on a window he is cleaning. Several times I have found myself imagining him as a successful cartoonist, either straight or strip. "Why don't you work up three or four roughs of joke drawings," I said one day, "and let me send them to *Punch*?"

And then suddenly I realized that this was the old, old thought-trap that all fathers fall into. Cashier of a factory, my father suggested twenty-five years ago that I might qualify as a chartered accountant. He saw it as a good start in the line of business he knew most about. But he did not blink an eye (bless him!) when I took an office boy's job on a trade paper. Instead, he bought me a portable typewriter.

One of our family axioms is that children owe parents nothing; when the time comes they will pay their debt of gratitude to the *next* generation. The bill for the typewriter (I still use it) had come floating home to me at last. I had to stop dreaming of fathering a new David Low. I had to concentrate on the *boy*.

"Rodney's sketching is good. But tests show he lacks the word-power to express himself"

The war made a hash of Rodney's education. Evacuated to Somerset, he went to the village school just before he was five. He was sent home the same day with the message: "This child is unmanageable." He did slightly better at a larger school with men teachers. Then, a year ago, he was pitchforked into a technical class at his secondary modern school halfway through the term; he had to find his feet and catch up. Not expecting too much, I went along to see his headmaster. "Your boy's done well," the head said. "He tied for third place in his class."

But when I brought up the question of careers, I discovered that job-finding for young hopefuls is no longer an extra activity for enlightened headmasters, as in my schooldays. It is now the full-time responsibility of an official who first sprang into being only two years ago—the Youth Employment Officer. "He comes and chats to our leavers in their last term but one," the headmaster said. "The idea is to start youngsters thinking for themselves."

The Y.E.O. is not simply the stoker of a machine for shoving youth willy-nilly into industry, as I first suspected. When Rodney is ready to leave, he and I will be invited to an interview with this man and the headmaster. The idea will be to let Rodney talk freely about what he would like to do. The head will know about his school record. I shall have my say. The Y.E.O. will know the job market. We ought to be able to think up some useful ideas.

How does this system work out? I went to see the Y.E.O., a pleasant man in a grey pinstripe suit, in his office. He gave examples. "One youngster was set on becoming a marine engineer. We found an opening for him, but it was on Tyneside—a long way from here. So we helped him financially with travel expenses and board-and-lodging under the Special Aptitude Scheme." Another wanted to become a professional cricketer; the Y.E.O. arranged for him to go to Lord's for a trial. "Even if an idea doesn't succeed," he said, "it satisfies a boy to have his chance."

It was the case of a boy who wanted to be a surveyor that stuck in my mind. He lacked the necessary scholastic background because he had missed his chance of going to a grammar school. The Y.E.O. had suggested that, instead of a job, he should take extra full-time training at a technical school. He did well, and eventually won his way into the profession his heart was

"There were levers to pull and twist and diagrams of how it might work. You wrote yes or no"

set upon. Rodney seemed to me in roughly the same position. Why he did not win a scholarship like his young brother Garry has always been a May family mystery. One teacher labelled him "a late developer." I put it down to a disjointed scholastic career. Not sure whether I was misled by false parental pride, I decided to try to find out by writing to the National Institute of Industrial Psychology about vocational guidance.

"Stick the young devil into a job," an acquaintance said, hearing of this. "He'll find his level soon enough." When I mentioned that the N.I.I.P. advice would cost five guineas he nearly blew up! But I reasoned that Rodney had 2,500 weekly wage packets ahead of him, most of them containing more than this; therefore it was a small amount for me to bet to win him a congenial job.

I Was Turned Outside

The N.I.I.P. is a scientific non-profit organization that has been working for thirty years on the efficient use of manpower—and boypower. On the appointed day, I took Rodney along to the premises in Welbeck Street, London. I had looked forward to seeing some ingenious experiments. But after a brief chat the psychologist asked me to leave and come back in three hours. "Quite right," I said to myself outside, "they're testing the boy, not the father."

Next day Rodney reported his impressions. One test was with bricks coloured red, white, blue and yellow on four sides, and the two remaining sides halved and coloured red-and-white and blue-and-yellow. The job was to fit them into holes in a board so that they made the same pattern as a design above. "It was easy," Rod said. "Then the man had a card with words on it. He pointed to them with a pencil and I had to read 'em. They were so hard I can't remember them. One was a jolly long thing and I got all muddled up."

There was an arithmetic test, an intelligence test ("You know: darkness is the opposite to dawn, light, day, sunshine"), and they had a talk about school. "Halfway through," Rodney said, "We had some chocolate biscuits: me three, and him two!"

Two other sessions struck him as especially interesting. "He had a case, and it opened and it had machines in it, about eight. They had levers and knobs to pull and twist, and there was a paper for each machine with different diagrams of how it might work. You had to write down yes or no to them on a marking paper." The other was a drawing-from-memory test. "He held up a big sheet about a yard wide and two feet deep with a pattern on it. After ten seconds he whipped it away and gave me a minute to draw it." Rodney took a pencil and paper, and rapidly sketched several of the designs from the day before.

A typewritten report arrived a few days later. I scanned it eagerly to see if Rodney had really "got it up there," and to find a clue to what we might make of him. "In a test of intelligence using abstract symbols," the report said, "Rodney's score was not only up to, but rather above the average; while in a second intelligence test involving the manipulation of concrete objects, his score was quite markedly above." But in "the ability to apprehend verbal relationships and to cope with words generally" he fell down.

Well, that was the answer to the scholarship exams; he was bright enough, but he lacked the word-power to express it. Mulling over this deficiency, I realized that if we ask Rodney a question his perky young brother often butts in with an answer first. As a reaction to Garry's garrulity, Rod uses grunts, grins, moans and monosyllables. He prefers pictures to print, and will send you a sketch rather than write a letter.

This bias showed up positively in other tests. In "detailed tasks of a clerical kind his score was rather below average." But in grasping mechanical principles, and in a test "involving design in the drawing-office sense" he did pretty well. Said the report: "In the ability to apprehend and reproduce visually presented detail, such as is associated with success in the graphic arts, his score was remarkably good; markedly above the average."

What did it all mean in terms of the boy's future? I could not suppress a thought that several successful magazine artists I know are similarly word-shy. We nevertheless made a family resolution to encourage Rodney's "verbal aptitude." I would supply books that would lure him into reading. My wife would draw him out in conversation at meals. And perhaps a girl friend would provoke him into writing more letters.

We Decided On More School

The psychologist at the N.I.I.P. had warned me that Rodney was a bit young "for the process of vocational guidance to be properly applicable." So, despite his eagerness to leave school, we decided he had better stay on at least until Easter; a little more time lording it in the top form might "bring him out."

Later, some evening classes or even a year or two at an art school or a technical institute before he starts out in the world may do him a power of good. When a boy has the intelligence to take it in, extra education of the right kind is bound to help. And Rodney seems to me the type that benefits more from planned training, rather than from trial-and-error education while hopping from job to job.

And the career when the time comes? Vocational guidance is not crystal gazing; it does not foretell the future in detail; it merely indicates a direction, bearing in mind the boy's talents and the state of the business world. The N.I.I.P. offered several suggestions. "Commercial art is precarious," it warned, "and in cartoon work competition is intense." On the other hand, he might find suitable employment in the drawing office of a firm manufacturing household and light mechanical equipment. "Another possible opening would be in the display department of a big store, or perhaps in an advertising agency."

We shall see. I feel now that we have got a line on the careers problem. We are at least not carelessly letting the boy fall into the first half-suitable hole that offers. We shall not perpetrate any obvious mistake, such as trying to make a bank clerk of him.

Parents Must Avoid Extremes

The danger now is that, far from being too casual, we may become altogether too zealous. Fortunately, as the person most concerned, Rodney takes it all in humorously cool fashion, as he does most things. He has lately acquired a habit of saying loftily to his young brothers, "Calm yourself; don't get excited, my boy." I think he realizes that his desire to leave school is not in itself a positive enough reason for taking a job. When he shows a preference for some particular line, it will be my duty to help him find out the unprejudiced truth about it—whether it is painting frescoes or designing packets for dried peas. If he knew as much about trades and professions as he does about football teams, he could not go wrong.

What I have to remember is that it is *his* career. As he is likely to be engaged in it for possibly fifty years, his must be the final choice. The hardest part for me is to accept the fact of how little I can do. Each generation has to make its own messes and successes. Experience is like the return half of a railway ticket, strictly "Non-transferable." But Solomon, in the Book of Proverbs, was right: "A wise son maketh a glad father."

THE END

The cause that 25,000 people pay to support: a *Plaid Cymru* speaker talks about the wicked English. Elbow on table, Megan Lloyd George listens

The gentle rebels of Wales

by DENNIS HOLMAN

Every year they begin with fiery speeches in the name of freedom. They end with romance and someone playing a harp

WHEN J. E. JONES stretches out his hand to give the firm clasp of a Welsh welcome, his personality registers precision, seriousness, no compromise. He is a youthful forty-four, courteous in his gestures, gentlemanly in his "after you," meticulous in his speech. He is refined, patient and restrained, and his almost vertical eyebrows have the effect of putting his impelling eyes in blond inverted commas.

J. E. Jones is the organizing secretary of *Plaid Cymru*, the Welsh Nationalist Party, and in extending his hand he acts for Free Wales. Behind him are 25,000 paid-up party members pledged to the threefold aim of securing for Wales an independent parliament, demanding for Wales a place in the United Nations, and safeguarding the Welsh language, culture and tradition.

"A lot of crackpot visionaries," was the way one Welshman described the nationalists. "Fancy thinking of a Welsh parliament! Next they'll want a Welsh navy. If they weren't harmless, I'd say they should be certified." But that Welshman had not been home for several years. He had not felt the quickening of the national pulse, or heard the voice of its spirit sounding the call—*Senedd i Gymru o fewn Pum Mlynedd* (A parliament for Wales within five years). "Soon the Welsh people are to be asked to sign their names to a national petition for self-government," Jones says. "It will be our official plea for a decent and honourable life."

The nationalist argument is that, under a London government, Wales has never had a fair deal, the country's population and resources being consistently exploited to maintain a higher standard in England. Wales may be represented at Westminster, but an English Cabinet ruling Britain thinks of England first, *Plaid Cymru* maintains.

Study a few statistics, the argument continues. Take houses—proportionately fifty per cent more houses have been built in England since the war than in Wales; telephones—proportionately sixty per cent more subscribers in England have telephones; there is piped water in thirty-five per cent of Welsh farms, compared with fifty-seven per cent of English farms; and electricity in only thirteen per cent of Welsh farms, while the percentage in England is thirty-five.

"Take unemployment," Jones goes on. "From 1923, Wales suffered chronic depression which lasted until well into the last war. During that period of depression, unemployment in Wales was the highest in Europe, in spite of mass emigration, and nearly three times as high as unemployment in England. Though the rate is down everywhere at present, Welsh unemployment still remains three to four times higher."

There is still not enough work to keep the Welsh people at home. Mass emigration that began with the depression reached half a million, a number equal to a fifth of the population of Wales, at the commencement of the second World War. The flow continues "at the rate of about 25,000 citizens a year, whose education has cost Wales large sums," says the voice of *Plaid Cymru*.

Letting Down The Side

And *Plaid Cymru* has a more delicate objection to Welshmen leaving Wales. It is one that touches their national pride. A Welshman abroad is not the same as a Welshman at home. His behaviour is supposed to deteriorate, and his morals apparently suffer. "Those parts of Wales which lose the Welsh language and culture do not accept another culture," Jones says. "They tend to lose vitality and produce no great men such as are to be found in the truly Welsh areas."

Welsh nationalists claim the Welsh are an independent nation, possessing a specified territory they have occupied for centuries, remaining racially pure, retaining their own customs and traditions and speaking to a large extent their own language. It is the language they thank for a continued separateness: nothing else, they affirm, could have kept the Welsh spirit alive through four centuries in spite of every English attempt to suppress it. Following the Act of Union of 1536 which declared Welsh illegal, nothing was done to provide any education in the language until late in the nineteenth century, and even then reluctantly. Yet in 1900, half the population spoke nothing else. Today it is a second language in the Anglicized areas, and here, too, special schools are being set up for those whose mother tongue is Welsh. *Plaid Cymru* claims the credit.

The party was formed in 1925, during the National Eisteddfod week at Pwllheli in Caernarvonshire. Its chief architect was Saunders Lewis, a university lecturer. Progress has been slow, but not uneventful. In 1929 the party contested its first Parliamentary seat, in Caernarvonshire, secured 600 votes and forfeited its deposit. (In the 1950 general election, *Plaid Cymru* candidates fought six seats and won 18,000 votes.)

In 1936, Saunders Lewis, then still the president, set fire to a bombing school in Caernarvonshire as a protest against its being erected on Welsh territory against the wishes of the residents, gave himself up to the police, and went to prison for nine months for the cause. Jones himself has never had this privilege, though he flirted with its consequences four times during the war, having conscientiously objected to being conscripted to fight for what he considered an alien Power.

Plaid Cymru's event of the year is the national conference held over the August bank holiday weekend in conjunction with the party's annual summer school. The last was at Newport, "where the national pulse beats slowly, and where the characteristics of the nation seem almost to have been suffocated by the heavy inflowing tide of Anglicization." More than 350 delegates arrived for the inaugural lecture. A discussion followed. Then there was a supper at which visiting Celts from Ireland, Scotland, Cornwall and Brittany, and later the mayor and town councillors, were welcomed. The supper became a *noson lawen*, and at this traditional Welsh entertainment, Jones is confident, was gathered some of the finest harp playing, folk dancing, story telling and musical talent in Wales.

"That was the first of the jolly *noson lawens*," Jones adds. "The spirit was one of homely fun. If I may quote the Reverend W. G. Peck: 'Two things are worth noting about the summer school—the open-heartedness of the delegates and the beauty of its women.'" The sexes are equally represented and, most of the representatives being under forty, romance is infectious. Jones remembers scores of marriages resulting from meetings in these patriotic circumstances.

Culture is the backcloth upon which the policy patterns of the future Free Wales are worked out. Its would-be leaders are prominent authors and thinkers. Thanks to their summer schools and annual conferences, we have a pretty detailed idea of what *Plaid Cymru* hopes the young state would look like. It would probably be called *Cymru*, the Welsh word for Wales; and the Free Welsh would be bilingual, until in a few generations English would be relegated to the status of a compulsory second language in schools. *Cymru* would be a co-operative democracy run on the Danish-Irish-Swedish model. In defence she would co-operate with England, and there need be no tariff barriers—"provided England plays the game," Jones says. THE END

BRITAIN'S ATOMIC STORY (2)

Put a pinch of white powder in Bepo and bombard it with neutrons for a week. Then take it out—with care. It looks the same, but now it has power to wither flesh or cure man's worst diseases

Monday is Isotope Day at Harwell

by HARRY HOPKINS

EACH MONDAY MORNING the small neat black vans with "Isotope Service" on the side drive out through the main gates of the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell, their backs piled high with stout wooden boxes two feet long. Lift one of those small boxes and you would be surprised at its weight. Open the lid and you see why. The interior is lined with lead. Suspended in the middle is a thick lead pot. Lift the lid of the lead pot, and inside again is a cylinder of aluminium. To reach this, however, you are directed to use a pair of folding tongs stowed inside the lid. Says the label over the lid: *"Caution. Radio-active material. To be opened only by addressee."*

These are the wares of Bepo—the British Experimental Pile. The substance packed inside the cylinder of aluminium is a radio-active isotope, an element charged and energized by the massed power of the atom, the first peace-time application of the force that burst upon the world at Hiroshima.

Few people yet have heard of these radio-active isotopes. But they will. For, though still in the very earliest stages of their application, the signs are that science has gained a new tool which in its power to extend the fields of human knowledge can be compared only to the invention of the microscope three centuries ago.

Fierce Cross-fire Of Neutrons

A few years ago, the only radio-active substance in common use was radium. Though it alleviated the sufferings of hundreds of thousands of cancer victims and set in train the researches which led in 1939 to the discovery of atomic power, it cost £13,000 a gramme—and there were only a few pounds of it in the world. Now, thanks to Bepo, thirty radio-active isotopes can be supplied more or less to order, mass-produced at the trifling cost of a few pounds a millicurie. Of the ninety-two natural elements, eighty-seven can be made radio-active in 738 different forms or isotopes.

At Harwell, isotope day is Monday, when the pile is shut down and Bepo's white-coated isotope cooks open up their ovens, taking out the week's baking, sliding in the new orders. Each element is weighed out and put into a small aluminium cylinder. The aluminium cylinder fits into the centre of a block of graphite. And through a long lead tunnel, supported on a bridge, the loaded train of graphite blocks is propelled into the pile. There, bombarded in the fierce cross-fire of neutrons, some elements will be ready by next Monday's baking day; others will need to stay for weeks and months. Others again are "done" in hours, and these are shot in and out of the pile through an arrangement of pneumatic tubes like those used by big stores for delivering customers' change.

On the side of the containers as the vans carry them out from Harwell is stamped the half-life of each isotope—the length of time before it will

After working with Harwell's isotopes, this hospital physicist is being tested for contamination

have lost half its radio-active power. Thus, the half-life of radio sodium—most in demand of all the isotopes—is only fourteen hours; but radio-cobalt, used as a substitute for radium in cancer treatment, has a half-life of 5.3 years; carbon 14—Harwell's newest line—of 5,000 years.

To research scientists, doctors, and industrial engineers who are Bepo's chief customers for isotopes, these variations have their uses. The first hint of what they might be was given over forty years ago by George Hevesey, today a famous nuclear chemist, but then a young Hungarian post-graduate student. The food at Hevesey's Oxford lodgings left a good deal to be desired. His landlady, he half suspected, was turning the leavings from the plates into the raw material of her stews. Bringing his scientific ingenuity to bear on this matter, he smuggled a few drops of radio-active compound into the remains of a chop.

When a few days later a stew registered heavily even on his primitive instruments, the good lady's goose was cooked.

Help For The Brain Surgeon

In the last few years, such radio-active tags have become familiar to research men as "tracers." Minute quantities of radio-isotopes are used to "label" elements so that even the smallest amounts, detectable by no other method, can now be followed with ease. In medicine they light up clearly the innermost workings of the body. A surgeon's chances of saving a crushed leg, for instance, may depend on knowing quickly whether or not the blood is still able to circulate through it. An injection of radio-sodium into the leg, plus a Geiger counter held over it, will tell him almost instantly. And, since the salt loses its activity within a day or two, the patient is unaffected. Again, in brain surgery, radio-phosphorus 32 will work its way to the diseased tissue, marking the exact outline of a tumour for the surgeon as he operates with a tiny Geiger counter built into his probe.

Most far-reaching of all is the tracers' aid in illuminating the still mysterious processes of the body's growth and chemistry—the development of its cells, the function of vitamins, the changes in the blood. Already, accepted notions are being upset. Flashing, stuttering Geiger counters are revealing a body in constant flux, changing more radically, more dynamically, more swiftly than ever before suspected. Inject radio-sodium into an arm, and within seventy-five seconds it is "ringing the bell" on the other side of the body. Time taken across: fifteen seconds. Time taken to work out of the blood and up into the sweat gland: sixty seconds.

Checking A Green Fly's Diet

At the world's oldest agricultural research station—the Rothamsted Experimental Station at Harpenden in Hertfordshire—I watched this newest research tool being brought to bear on the age-old problem of wringing more food from the earth. Millions of tons are lost each year through plant diseases. Just what part in the spreading of these is played by aphides—green fly—is still obscure. But they are suspect, and, since there may be 5,000 aphides to one sugar beet, 150,000,000 to an acre, to know how much of the sap of a plant an aphis sucks up in feeding, and just how long it takes him to do it, becomes important. The difficulty is that aphides are very small—they go two thousand to the gramme. To keep a careful check on their dietary was hardly possible—till radio-phosphorus came along.

It happens that, while aphides relish turnip leaves, turnip leaves—like other plants—derive sustenance from phosphorus. It thus became a comparatively simple matter for H. L. Nixon, physicist, and Mrs. Watson, entomologist, to add to the brew which nurtured their turnips a nip of radio-phosphorus.

Daily, from behind a protective screen of Perspex, the experimenters put out their aphides to pasture. Some hours later, they pick them off the leaves, take their Geiger counts in batches, and have an exact index to their consumption. Demonstrating, Nixon took a pointed paint brush, picked a single aphis off a turnip leaf, and held it, translucent, faintly green, no larger than a pinhead, against the detector of the Geiger counter. Instantly the instrument began to stammer wildly. By this method .000,000,000,000,1 of a gramme of radio-phosphorus can be detected.

Securely packed, radio-active material from Harwell arrives at Northolt for hospitals overseas

For a hundred years Rothamsted's farmer-scientists have studied fertilizer techniques, both at the laboratory bench and in the fields, vastly multiplying yields. But some problems still remain intractable. How much of a phosphate fertilizer, for instance, is absorbed, in varying circumstances, into a plant—and how much runs to waste? It has been hard to say until now because there has been no way of distinguishing between phosphorus taken up from the soil and phosphorus taken from the fertilizer. Now, in a Rothamsted laboratory, sitting beside a Geiger counter, soil chemist J. B. Rickson is working on "labelling" techniques which may finally lead to large-scale field experiments with tons of radio-active phosphates. "But," cautions Rickson, "this tool is new. It may take years yet to learn how to handle it well."

But already at agricultural research institutions all over Britain that skill is accumulating. At Reading radio-isotopes are being used to track parasites in sheep; at the John Innes Horticultural Institution at Hertford they probe the feeding of fruit-flies; at Bristol they are illuminating the still largely mysterious methods by which plants turn air and water into sugar and other foods; at Oxford, Miss Godfrey, of the Bureau of Animal Population, tags voles with fragments of radio-cobalt, traces their subsequent travels through the fields with Geiger counters.

The uses of radio-isotopes are by no means confined to research. As a cheap, highly portable source of gamma radiation, several of them are already taking the place of X-rays in industrial radiography, detecting interior flaws in metal plates and bearings. In medicine they are finding an increasing use in treatment as well as in diagnosis. Abnormal multiplication of red blood cells which may have fatal results can now be set right with a single dose of radio-phosphorus which finds its way to the bony skeleton and delivers its radiation to the red marrow where the cells are produced. Radio-iodine, injected into the body, makes its way unerringly to the thyroid gland, where its flying particles go to work checking over-activity. Some cases of cancer of the thyroid yield to this painless treatment.

In a thousand ways, some complex, some very simple, radio-isotopes are speeding, easing, refining the processes of modern industry. Wear no greater than one-millionth of an inch in bearings can be shown up by mixing a radio-active compound in the steel and putting a Geiger counter to the oil. Ventilation engineers struggling with problems of dangerous dust are guided by releasing radio-active gases.

Sometimes the scrapers which run along inside oil pipelines to clean them become clogged up and stick. There is a stoppage. But where—in hundreds of miles of desert? Once, it took weeks to find the answer. Now it can be done in hours. For the scrapers have been made radio-active. A Geiger counter, run along outside the pipe, soon tells the story.

Beginnings Of A New Industry

What we have here, it becomes clear, is nothing less than the beginnings of a new industry—and Britain is in on the ground floor. Seventeen radio-isotope deliveries in September, 1947, have now grown to over 500 a month. These days the neat little vans with Isotope Service on the side thread busily about the Berkshire lanes. At London Airport, Harwell cars wait on the tarmac as wicker baskets are unloaded, or the small aluminium cylinders of radio-sodium are tucked safely away into special compartments in the air-liners' wingtips.

Back in its Harwell hangar the lilac cube—fount of all this beneficent activity—is cold and silent. Cooling air currents, forced by fans, are driven through its seething mass, carrying away to Harwell's tall chimney its surplus heat and energy, the power of the atom, the power that binds the universe. For the small aluminium canisters, though more than enough to whet humanity's appetite, contain only the slight foretaste of this thing's promise.

But up on the lonely Cumberland coast, they are building Britain's first factory of power, the night is ablaze with lights, and wh comes two strange grey shapes, still half in scaffolding, loom out of the rain-filled L sky—fingerposts to a dawning atomic a

NEXT WEEK: The white-coated pion who are taming the atom by remote con

I DO FLY

by DAVID WALKER

ILLUSTRATED BY TISDALL

The deep voice spoke from the sky, the wings beat slowly. For the men on the ground, it was a time now for patience. The woman could help—if she would

IT WAS FEBRUARY and the river was very low. Tim had had three mahseer in two days fishing, all small fish. Still, the number of fish didn't matter much when the sun was warm, the water cool on his legs, and the tall hills so near. The tiffin-coolie followed along a few yards behind.

"A sahib is coming," said the coolie in his cracked voice. He was an amiable old fellow.

Tim looked back towards the bank. The man coming over wore a khaki shirt and shorts and a military cap with a dark band.

"A police sahib," said the coolie with awe.

Tim went on fishing till the policeman was near. Then he waded out to say hallo. They introduced themselves. Fanshawe was the policeman's name.

"Noticed you from the road," he said, "so I came down to see how you were getting on. I've fished this bit myself." Fanshawe had a hard-bitten face. He looked like a tough policeman; but he was friendly enough.

"You're here on business, I suppose?" Tim said.

"Yes. I'm looking into the murder. Did you hear about it?"

Tim nodded. "Only gossip, though. What happened?"

"A week ago," Fanshawe said, "and we still haven't a clue worth a damn. It was a money-lender. Chap took ten thousand and knifed him into the bargain. No great loss, but the murder of a *bunnia* is hellish difficult to solve. Everybody owes him money, so everybody's glad to be rid of him; and they never tell on one another."

"Was he killed at night?"

"Yes, must have been. They found him in the morning; no wife, no kids in the house. Just one stiff *bunnia* with a knife-hole in his chest." Fanshawe spoke in short staccato sentences. His language was like a telegram.

After a while they walked back to their cars. They climbed the ten-foot bank which marked the flood level. The river was hundreds of yards wide in the rains, a different thing from this clear, peaceful stream. It ran through the wide valley, with the Himalayas on the north side and the foothills on the south. The foothills were called the Siwalicks, a sharp-sounding name that suited them, the jagged front teeth of the Himalayan giant.

Fanshawe's car was parked behind Tim's. They drove up towards the rest-house.

It was later, when they were drinking whisky on the veranda, that Fanshawe said, "Did you hear the story about the giant bat?"

"No, I didn't hear that one." Tim didn't know whether he meant a funny story.

"Well, the villagers are all talking about it. They say a damned great bat flies round here at night. Several people have seen it."

"How big?"

"No idea, but from the way they speak it's as big as a Dakota, silent, goes quite fast. They could see its wings beating."

"They must have been tight," Tim said. "There's no such thing. When are they supposed to have seen it, and where?"

"Once about a month ago, and then twice last week. One man was only a mile from where the murder happened, not that that can have anything to do with it."

They talked about the murder for a bit, but Tim was thinking about the bat. That was an odd story.

"How high was this bat?" he said. "If they thought it was high it could have been a flying fox."

"I asked them that. Two of them said it was no higher than the trees."

Tim was struggling with a crazy idea; it was so mad that he was diffident about saying it. "I suppose . . ." he began.

But Fanshawe had spoken first. "If it was a human bat," he said slowly, "then we might solve that murder. But human beings can't fly. They haven't the strength to waggle wings." He laughed suddenly. "I dunno, though. Believe any darned thing nowadays."

"Do you know exactly where the people were when they saw it?" Tim asked.

They went inside and spread the big wall map on the table.

"Here's Shahpur," said Fanshawe, "where the chap was murdered. One of the bat-see-ers was here." He made a cross with a pencil. "And another here. A third over to the west near Rahna, and the other two were not far from where we are now."

"Which way was the thing flying?"

"The first two said it flew towards the big hills, the one near Rahna said along the valley, and the last two said it came from the hills. The first two saw it the night before the murder, and

He swept out over the hillside, diving for

badly frightened. "He will be an hour, perhaps a half. He is only flying tonight"

ed, and then he swung up again. There was a swishing as he passed, but it was a small noise, no louder than a breeze. He turned to the moon

the other three on the actual night the murder happened. Must say it's queer."

"Very queer," said Tim. "Was there a moon?"

"Yes, a small beginning of a moon."

Ideas were buzzing around in Tim's head. "If it was a man on wings," he said, keeping the words slow, "he could fly out from the big hills past these two chaps, then along the valley over the third man at Rahna, land on the bluff near Shahpur, go down to the village and do the job, climb back uphill, take off from the bluff and fly home again. He'd more likely be able to take off from a hill than from the ground."

"It's fantastic," said Fanshawe. "I need a drink." He filled up their glasses. "Too damned fantastic," he muttered.

They went on to the veranda again. It was still warm enough to sit outside, but already there was a chill in the air. Tim lay back and watched the Himalayas. The moon had risen now. He could see the whole stretch of the valley before him, and beyond it the abrupt rampart where the high hills began. They were not like the Siwalicks, earthly hills which began and ended. Those were the Himalayas, climbing higher and higher to the roof of the world. Looking at them and feeling the whisky in him, he knew that nothing was impossible.

AFTER a thousand feet Tim and the coolie came to a path which ran along the hillside. He looked down into the plain of the Doon. Near the river it was laid out neatly, a checkerboard of winter crops, of sugar cane and wheat and yellow mustard; beyond that was a dusty, parched countryside where no crops grew, and farther still were the wooded Siwalicks.

He turned and followed the path. It was just wide enough for a man to walk. They climbed steadily, moving through trees. But there were no signs of ghooral, the wild mountain goats.

He felt depressed as he climbed, not even knowing what he was looking for, unless it was a very strange man. The whole thing's vague, he thought. It's a wild goose chase. I dreamed this up because I had too much whisky last night. But I might as well see if I can get a ghooral. That's something that does live in the hills.

They came out of the trees, and the path ran level. Here and there were bamboo clumps. The hillside was terraced now, divided into the tiny meticulous plots where the hillmen grew their meagre crops. The huts were of dried mud, standing singly, as they do in the hills.

They passed the patch of cultivated ground and were in trees again. Soon afterwards there was another patch of cultivation, smaller this time. Above it was that rare thing in the Himalayas, a gentle slope. It was brown and bare now, but it looked like a place where sheep would graze in the rains. A cottage stood above the terraces. There were no other huts in sight. It was the gradual slope that wakened his interest, the kind of slope a man could run down. A man was working on the highest terrace. He saw them and stopped for a moment. Then he bent over his work again till they were near.

"*Salaam,*" said Tim, looking at him.

The man straightened up. "*Salaam,* sahib," he said. He wore a dhoti criss-crossed around his legs, and a blue cotton shirt, a puggaree on his head. He was a husky fellow. He did not look hostile, but there was a certain reserve about him which was unusual. His eyes were watchful. Most Indian peasants would be as friendly as if you had known them all your life.

"*Shikar,*" said Tim. "I am looking for ghooral. Do you know where they are?"

The man's reserve dropped from him. He smiled. He had an aquiline face, deeply tanned. He looked more like a Rajput than a man from this country. He was certainly not a hillman. But he was a difficult fellow to place.

"The ghooral are moving higher, sahib, with the warmer weather. Up there you will find them now." He pointed to the hillside above his house. First there was the gradual slope, then a steeper one dotted with euphorbias, and beyond that again were pine trees.

It was then that Tim noticed his hand. It was the biggest hand he had ever seen, as wide as a boxing glove, and muscular. The shirt cuff was buttoned above it, but Tim could see that the wrist was on the same gigantic scale.

"Where is the path?" he asked.

"It begins beyond my house," the man said. He hesitated a moment. Then he dropped his hoe. No Indian would be discourteous on his own ground. "I will show you," he said.

TIM stood aside to let him pass. The man was not so tall as he himself, not six feet, but he was enormously broad in the shoulder. The arms bulged in his shirt sleeves so that the material was tight over the skin. The lower part of his body fell away to nothing. He had a narrow waist and thin shanks of legs, thin even for India. He walked in a curiously top-heavy way, putting down his feet with uncertainty. The contrast between the upper and lower halves of his body was extraordinary.

They passed the cottage. It was a simple affa
but neat, with no rubbish lying around.
passed the open doorway Tim saw a m
out of the corner of his eye. He looke
woman was standing there. She was we
and the upper part of her rough sari w
over her head. But her face was quite
That was a surprise. No virtuous
country places, Hindu or Muslim,
her face altogether bare. For pr

Continued on page 35

Luckiest firm in show

by IAN BEVAN

The fabulous Mr. Beaumont is the shyest figure in the limelit world of the theatre. He's also the brain behind the biggest hits—with a flair for turning into gold everything he touches

IN THE WORLD of diplomacy, British officials abroad usually refer to His Majesty's Government simply by the initial letters, "H.M.G." In London's theatre world—one no less accustomed to devious intrigues and recurring crises—people speak with the same mixed familiarity and awe of an institution known as "H.M.T." These are the initials of H. M. Tennent, Ltd., a firm of theatrical producers which has sometimes been spoken of by visiting stars from Broadway and Hollywood, not always in mock innocence, as though it "managed" the whole of the London stage.

Many of the biggest stars, from both sides of the Atlantic, have worked for the firm, and a typical Tennent enterprise got into the headlines this year when Tyrone Power was persuaded to abandon movies temporarily and star in the production of *Mister Roberts*. American managers had been trying for years to lure Power away from the screen, but it took Hugh Beaumont, managing director of Tennents, only about a quarter of an hour's conversation with him at a New York cocktail party to bring off one of the theatrical coups of the season.

Chagrined rivals said it was another instance of the fabulous good fortune which has earned Tennents the title of "the luckiest firm in show business." But behind the luck was careful planning (which had given Beaumont an option on *Mister Roberts*), knowledge of theatrical affairs (which forewarned him Power was anxious to do a play in London), and an efficient organization (which enabled him to guarantee that the London production would be three times bigger than the New York one).

This combination of planning, knowledge and organization — with a measure of luck thrown in—has enabled the firm in the fourteen years of its existence to produce seventy-eight plays which have run for more than 100 performances, fourteen which have run for more than 500, and two which have run for more than 1,000—a record which has not been equalled by an English theatrical management before.

Currently the firm is associated with eight successful London plays, and six others are following up long West End runs with provincial tours. Several more are being tried out before being brought to London, and negotiations are under way for shows which may not be produced for eighteen months or two years to come. Although Tennents preserve an oyster-like silence about their finances, knowledgeable show-folk estimate the firm must be grossing the best part of £1,000,000 a year. For a business which has no major capital asset except the brains of the people who run it, such a turnover may fairly be described as astonishing.

Magic Of The Beaumont Touch

What is even more unusual—in an industry where publicity is the breath of life, and where most of the participants will eagerly invite Press photographers into their bathrooms—Tennents operate in a decorous atmosphere of nineteenth-century seclusion. Almost nothing has ever been released for publication about Beaumont, its presiding genius, a slim, shy man in his early forties. Although his small office in Shaftesbury Avenue is virtually the throne room of the English theatrical kingdom, his name seldom appears in print, is missing from *Who's Who*, and is practically unknown to the general public. He was interviewed by a journalist once, in 1935, since when he has been completely inaccessible. His name never appears on the programme, and the firm's publicity department works in reverse where he is concerned. But theatrical connoisseurs say "the Beaumont touch" in a straight play is as clearly recognizable as ever the Diaghilev touch was in ballet, the Cochran touch in revue, or the Goldwyn touch in films.

Typical of all that is best in the Beaumont touch is his current success, *Ring Round the Moon*, which he insisted on producing despite the opposition of almost all his associates. He saw the original French version in Paris, where it had a modest success among a small highbrow clique but showed no signs of being a commercial hit. Beaumont decided to gamble on giving it the costly production which the French version lacked, but he showed his good taste by mounting it lavishly without spoiling its fragile charm. The gamble probably cost him about £10,000, but it has paid off handsomely.

He chose Christopher Fry to translate the play, Peter Brook to produce it and Oliver Messel to design the scenery and costumes. All three have since been widely acclaimed for their brilliant work. The play has made a star of Paul Scofield and will shortly open on Broadway, where it will probably earn a totally unexpected windfall of dollars for its original author, Jean Anouilh. All told, the London programme gives credit to forty-seven individuals concerned with the production, including the man who made Scofield's shirts. The only name missing is that of the person responsible for the whole thing—Beaumont himself.

His dislike of personal publicity is genuine, and he avoids the limelight with a thoroughness which must take considerable skill. Among

…nt listens to Mrs. James Laver. He has a passion for detail

Tennents' Lily Taylor helps everyone. Here she helps Ronald Shiner

business

his closest friends, and also his closest business associates, are John Gielgud and John Perry, and the three live in neighbouring houses in Westminster. Gielgud is not a member of the Tennent firm, but does most of his work as actor and director under its management. Perry, who has been at various times a master of foxhounds, a small-part actor, and the author of three successful plays, is now Beaumont's second-in-command. Between the three of them, they decide what the public should be offered at from six to twelve of London's leading theatres.

Seventeen years ago, Hugh Beaumont was working in a fairly humble capacity with Moss Empires, the dominant firm in variety. Moss Empires had joined forces with Howard and Wyndham, another big theatre-owning chain, to produce touring companies for their provincial theatres. In this joint venture Moss Empires was represented by youthful Hugh Beaumont, Howard and Wyndham by veteran Harry Tennent (the man who persuaded Ivor Novello to write large-scale musicals, and saved Drury Lane from ruin). So began a business association which developed into the most prosperous theatrical management the country has ever known and lasted until Tennent died in 1941.

Breaking Into The West End

Organizing provincial tours failed to provide sufficient excitement for the restless new partnership and, within a matter of months, they were assaulting the citadel of London's West End. By 1935 they had four hits running: Novello's *Murder in Mayfair*; Diana Wynyard in *Sweet Aloes*; *Theatre Royal* in which an up-and-coming young man named Olivier was given third billing; and a first play by an unknown author which proved to be one of the biggest moneymakers of all time, *The Wind and the Rain*.

Flushed by success, Tennent and Beaumont launched H. M. Tennent, Ltd. Suddenly, with a vicious twist, their run of good fortune ended. Their first play, *The Ante-Room*, written by best-selling authoress Kate O'Brien, flopped so badly that it had a run of eight days. Their second effort, *Farewell Performance*, ran only one day longer. Their third, *Follow Your Saint*, did not survive its try-out tour. Superstitious show-folk whispered that the new firm had the kiss of death, and quoted the theatrical version of the old proverb: "Those whom the gods would destroy, they first make successful."

Defiantly, Harry Tennent issued a public statement: "We are not downhearted. We have two more shows ready." These two, and three more, followed; although three of them ran for more than a hundred performances, none was a really big hit. Then, one Monday morning, Harry Tennent's secretary, Elsie Beyer, came into the office bubbling with enthusiasm for a comedy she had seen in a repertory theatre the night before. Beaumont decided to buy it.

The Hit That Nobody Wanted

Miss Beyer had found gold, and was subsequently rewarded by being made general manager of the firm. The goldmine, which every other management had turned down, was Gerald Savory's amazingly successful *George and Margaret*. It ran in London for 799 performances. Towards the end of the year the Tennent partnership struck another rich lode in St. John Ervine's *Robert's Wife*, which ran at the Globe for two years. Since then they have produced a stream of hits—among them Coward's *Blithe Spirit*, which had the longest run on record for a non-musical show, Rattigan's *While the Sun Shines*, which ran for 1,154 performances, *Flare Path*, *Watch on the Rhine*, *The Years Between*, *The Happiest Days of Your Life* and *The Heiress*. Their biggest money-spinner since the war has been *Traveller's Joy*, which was remarkably cheap to produce and played to big business for more than two years.

Despite their sequence of long runs, Tennents lose as much if not more than most other theatrical managements; it is the art of staying in business while losing money that is Beaumont's own particular contribution to the contemporary theatre. It was he who discovered and perfected the device of the non-profit-making theatrical company.

During the early war years, the Tennent management split itself, amoeba-like, into two parts. One of these is H. M. Tennent, Ltd., which operates as an ordinary commercial company, running the ordinary business risks of profit and loss. The other is Tennent Productions, Ltd., a non-profit-making company, which operates in association with the Government-sponsored Arts Council of Great Britain and is exempted from paying entertainment tax.

The Government's original aim in giving such exemptions was to encourage plays of artistic merit but doubtful commercial value. Treasury officials were left to decide which plays qualified. They compromised by saying that any play must have some artistic value if a recognized management wanted to put it on without making money out of it.

Beaumont, who was already making plenty of money, wanted to put on a lot more plays, and was quite willing to do it without increasing his profits. He formed Tennent Productions, and was able to use the financial advantage of tax exemption to produce a host of scripts which normally he would have rejected as good but risky. Even a non-profit company, however, has to be subsidized or break even if it is going to stay in business, and Beaumont counterbalanced the losses by giving Tennent Productions some of the guaranteed moneymakers which otherwise he would have produced under the banner of H. M. Tennent, Ltd. That is why the Arts Council has found itself sponsoring such manifestly commercial plays as *September Tide*, *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *Treasure Hunt*.

He Counted The Sofa Cushions

Beaumont's most noticeable characteristic as a producer is a passion for detail, well illustrated by an incident which occurred at the dress rehearsal of his revival of *The Importance of Being Earnest*. This had been directed by John Gielgud. In every way it had been done as carefully and as expensively as could be. At the end of the rehearsal, which had gone perfectly, Beaumont turned to Gielgud and said, "Don't you think, John, there ought to be another cushion on the sofa in the last act?"

He is matched, and even outclassed in his attention to detail, by Edith Evans who always insists when she is acting in a costume play that every item of clothing she has to wear, including her underclothes, be correctly in period. When she played in *The Importance* she even insisted on wearing calico drawers. Similarly, in Beaumont's current *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, all the women's petticoats are made of real silk at £12 a time, instead of cotton at one-sixth the

Daphne Rye gives some make-up tips to Yvette Wyatt. Mass auditions sometimes find a new star

Rum rhythm rum rhythm rum
there's rhythm in Jamaica rum

The wheels turn round
Sound as they pound
JAMAICA IS THE WORD FOR RUM
Again, again
The same refrain
JAMAICA IS THE WORD FOR RUM
The whole long train
Repeats the strain
JAMAICA IS THE WORD FOR RUM
(Now we're running over a bridge)
We're willing to bet
You'll never forget
JAMAICA JAMAICA JAMAICA MEANS RUM

One bottle goes such a very long way with these Jamaica Rum recipes:

RUM AND ORANGE
RUM AND DASH OF ANGOSTURA
RUM AND GINGER ALE
RUM AND LIME
RUM TODDY, HOT, WITH LEMON, SUGAR AND CLOVES
RUM PUNCH, COLD—LEMON OR LIME, SUGAR AND WATER

Look for JAMAICA on the bottle

It's wonderful what JAMAICA RUM will do!

cost, just because he was determined to give the show an opulent air and, as he said, "no woman can feel opulent in a cotton petticoat."

Most of Beaumont's friends are theatre people, and his whole life is centred on the stage. Once or twice a year he gives big parties at his Westminster house, which is actually two small Georgian houses knocked into one, and then the guest list reads like *Who's Who in the Theatre*, with seasoning from Debrett and a strong flavouring from across the Atlantic.

He is a shrewd business man, and tough—one of the toughest. Yet he is capable of surprising softness. When one of his plays with Diana Wynyard had to close for six weeks while she was in hospital with appendicitis, he paid full salaries to everyone on less than £10 a week and half salaries to everyone over £10—a gesture which cost him £4,000.

Costs Have Soared

The postwar rise in production costs has more than trebled the initial cost of a West End show. Before the war, a one-set play could be put on for less than £1,000. Now it may cost up to £4,000. Theatre rents have risen proportionately. Before the war, a small West End theatre could be rented for about £150 a week. Now it is at least £300, with a percentage of the takings above a certain amount. This is a high figure for a theatre which, with every seat sold, can gross perhaps £1,600 a week.

Because rents and other weekly running costs are so high in London, most managements these days follow the practice started by C. B. Cochran of trying plays out in the provinces. A play which reads well may be disappointing in performance and the management can cut its losses by not even bothering to bring the show to London. The try-out also allows changes to be made and difficulties ironed out so that the play opens in London as near perfect as it can hope to be. When Tennents sent *The Little Hut* on its try-out tour, authoress Nancy Mitford went with it and re-wrote many of the lines as they went along. In this instance, she had the censor to contend with as well as the other troubles which beset a new play.

In their search for plays and talent, Tennents read every script sent in and give an audition to everyone who applies. Scripts arrive in a seemingly endless flood, but as yet a hit has never come unheralded. Anything worth while has always had the previous sponsorship of an agent or a repertory society.

The Search For Actors

Acting talent is another matter. Although there are said to be about 10,000 people in London describing themselves as "actors" and "actresses" who are unemployed, all managements agree there is a shortage of really good people. Tennents' auditions are held every month by Daphne Rye, the blonde and personable casting director, who knows every worthwhile character actor in London, and can tell to the nearest shilling what most of them earn. Traditionally, no one gets a chance from a mass audition of this kind, but in practice Tennents are continually uncovering talent. Dora Bryan, the street walker of the film *The Fallen Idol*, first came to light at one of these auditions.

Miss Rye is one of five women who hold down top executive jobs in the Tennent organization, and two of the five started there as secretaries. One of the ex-secretaries, Kitty Black, spends her working day helping John Perry to run the Company of Four, an unusual, and unprofitable, side venture which Tennents have run at Hammersmith's Lyric Theatre since 1945. Here they try out new and mostly experimental plays. The Lyric has been a fairly consistent money loser, but on the theory that a highbrow theatre has to compromise with its conscience to be a financial success, there is sometimes even a slightly apologetic air about people connected with a Lyric hit. When Max Adrian was starring there in the highly profitable *Tuppence Coloured*, he met a friend in the street who asked him how the show was doing. "Terrible, really terrible," said Max, with a face as long as a professional mourner's. "We're making money."

Another important woman in Tennents is Lily Taylor, the daughter and granddaughter of theatre wardrobe mistresses, who supervises the clothes in all their plays. Her bugbear in life is zip-fasteners and, ever since one jammed for Kay Hammond when she was trying to make a hurried costume change in *Private Lives*, she has banned them altogether.

Mrs. Taylor's full contribution to a play's success is not always seen by the audience. Nobody knows how many temperamental outbursts have been avoided, or how many performances improved by her subtle attentions.

Gay Camouflage

When Gertrude Lawrence returned to England after twelve years in America to play in *September Tide*, Mrs. Taylor completely re-did her dressing-room at the Aldwych; a window which opened on to an alley-way was covered with gaily painted material in case the star was reminded too forcibly between acts that she was in London and not, as she was supposed to be on stage, in a Cornish fishing village.

Such attention to detail is commonplace with Tennents, for Beaumont is determined that nothing should be left to chance. Even while the cast is acknowledging the rapturous applause of the first-night audience, the man behind it all is planning more hits to come. THE END

I AM A BLIND HOUSEWIFE

"BECAUSE we are both blind, people sometimes find it hard to believe that David and I live together like other happily married couples. But the fact that we have never seen one another has not made any difference."

This is an extract from a remarkable article by Allene Reilly, a blind housewife of Birmingham. Her full story of the struggle of a sightless couple to set up home together is told in this frank and sensitive account of what it really means to be blind, which will appear...

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

LIVING LANGUAGE

by George Beardmore

WHY WE SAY . . . THUG

THE Thugs were a Hindu brotherhood who worshipped Kali, goddess of destruction. To appease her and thus secure eternal happiness, they organized wholesale highway robbery and murder. They disguised themselves to mingle among travellers and wealthy Indian merchants, and at the right moment strangled their victims with a noose.

The Thugs were suppressed by the British about 1830. Probably Tommies brought the word back from India, and nowadays it is applied to any violent robber.

BEDSIDE MANNER

Continued from page 11

mean a large increase in work as well as a decrease in emoluments? Dr. Maskelyne was in the quandary that all people get into who have a better as well as a worse side to their natures. If he could have had his panel without all the forms and red tape that it involved, he might very possibly have chosen the panel. But he couldn't have that. So he chose his private patients and hated them as well as himself for what he was doing.

And the curious thing is that the more unhappy he made himself over it, the more he wanted to go out and climb a tree.

There were other things going on at that time besides the National Health Act. The Russians were starting their stranglehold over Berlin; the Argentines were blackmailing their best customer; sport went on as usual; and there was an endless number of burglaries. . . .

DR. MASKELYNE'S mind had been running on burglaries that week; for two of his patients had recently been robbed, one of a pearl necklace and another of two diamond rings, and he had had to listen to the whole story of that as well as to all their usual symptoms.

As a result of this he had been considering the technique of the modern burglar one night before he went to bed. The old hit-or-miss methods had been discarded. The modern burglar knew what he wanted and where it was kept. He also knew all the movements of the people concerned and their servants: the time they finished their dinner or would come home from the theatre; where the lights turned on and off; and whether any boards creaked. If their information on any of these points was wrong they very often slipped up and got caught. It was then that it occurred to him that if only they had had the foresight to qualify as doctors they could have gained all the information they needed in one visit to the house and got paid for it as well.

Dr. Maskelyne often had odd, penetrating thoughts of this kind and normally no great harm came from them. On this occasion, however, the telephone rang just as he was going up to bed. It was Lady Baxter's maid. Lady Baxter had had a bad turn. Would he please come round at once? Dr. Maskelyne swore softly to himself, put on his coat and hat, and went out to fetch his car.

Twenty minutes later he was feeling Lady Baxter's pulse with his usual caressing touch. Lady Baxter had been a patient of his for several years and she always had her turns just when he was going to bed.

As usual she talked uninterruptedly about her heart. She talked about it just as though she were a musical critic discussing the faulty performance of the violin soloist at a concert. Dr. Maskelyne appeared to be listening, as he always did; but he was really thinking of something quite different. He was thinking of the emeralds in the dressing-table drawer. That drawer, he knew, was locked; but the key was in the bedside-table drawer, which was unlocked. If Lady Baxter happened to be asleep, surely it would be quite easy to abstract the key and steal the emeralds!

He then thought of the lime tree in the garden. Didn't it have a branch which came quite near one of the windows in the passage outside Lady Baxter's room? Supposing that window had been left unsnibbed, wouldn't it be quite easy even for an amateur to climb up the tree and get in?

At this point Dr. Maskelyne came to from his day-dreams, and told Lady Baxter that he would give her something to ensure a good night's rest, and see her again in the morning.

He hoped that she would forget to ring for the maid to see him out; but she didn't. The maid, however, did not notice him unsnib the window in the passage as he passed. Nor had she any idea of what was in his mind as she helped him on with his coat.

"Let's see," he began quietly. "You and cook sleep beyond the kitchen on the bottom floor, don't you?"

"That's right, sir," she said.

"It's rather far away! Is there any means for Lady Baxter to call you if she wants anything?"

"Means, sir! She's got a blooming

Which Twin has the Toni —and which has the expensive perm?*

Hairstyles by Robert Fielding

A Twin idea for Christmas

A PERFECT PERM FOR YOU

It costs so little to give yourself deep, graceful Toni waves for Christmas — and you can avoid the rush for Christmas appointments. Yet there's no lovelier more natural-looking perm at any price. Average waving time is only 1½ hours — and you're free to do those last-minute Christmas tasks while the wave is "taking".

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She'll love this gift of soft, smooth waves that look natural the very first day — and last for months and months. Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a perm — and it's easier and faster than ever with the new SPIN Curlers. If she already has SPIN Curlers, the answer's quite simple — give her a Toni Refill.

* *Which Twin has the Toni?* Joy and Miriam Pearse are identical twins, Joy, on the left, has the Toni. She says: "I'm thrilled with my Toni. It looks and feels so soft and natural."

Toni HOME PERM

WITH NEW SPIN CURLERS

• STANDARD KIT . . . 9/-
• REFILL KIT (*whole head*) 6/-

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fire bell that she rings—right beside my ear. And she's always wanting something!"

Dr. Maskelyne put on his bedside manner. "You're tired out," he said gently. "Better take one of these pills yourself. Lady Baxter won't be needing you again tonight."

In six months' time Dr. Maskelyne had quite a nice collection of jewellery. He preferred emeralds, but was quite ready to make do with pearls, diamonds and sapphires. He had made no attempt at all to dispose of any of them; he was not interested in that side of the business, and the whole collection reposed in an aluminium box in his poison cupboard. He did have an idea eventually of endowing a cot or even a whole ward in a children's hospital. But in the meantime it was the excitement and, above all, the opportunity for climbing both trees and drainpipes that he enjoyed so much.

He invented a new system for ensuring that the sleeping tablets worked on the right night. He had them made up in bottles of twelve, one on the top of each other. This enabled him to tell at a glance that the patient was not taking more than he had prescribed. It also enabled him to put a double dose in—say—the eighth or ninth tablet, whichever happened to be the night he had selected for his work.

It was after the fourth month that he promoted himself from houses to flats. Flats were much more difficult than houses. They practically never had trees growing conveniently up the sides, and there were so many occupants in a block that you could not possibly know the movements of all of them. For this reason Dr. Maskelyne bought himself a waxed moustache and a night porter's uniform. Porters changed so quickly in these blocks that no one was ever surprised to see a strange face.

Flats provided an excellent haul, but the business was a dull affair in other ways. He never felt that he was really having any sport unless there was a good climb attached to it.

Dr. Maskelyne had been wondering for a long time when he was going to have a crack at the Cornford sapphires. The date was suggested to him by the Cornfords themselves, who sent him an invitation to a charity dinner and cabaret. The show was to begin with cocktails at seven o'clock and go on till eleven o'clock. Just the time of day that Dr. Maskelyne preferred to operate. He always liked to be in bed by twelve.

At this stage a doubt crossed his mind for a moment. Might Lady Cornford perhaps be wearing the sapphires at the dinner? He could not be absolutely sure of that, of course; but he decided that he was sure enough. Lady Cornford normally only wore the sapphires when she was going to Buckingham Palace.

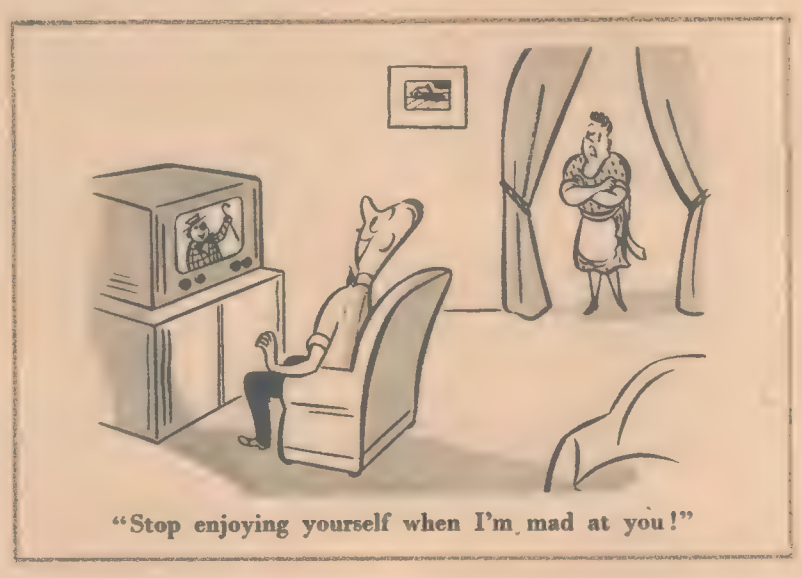
Having got thus far, Dr. Maskelyne marked the date, which was a fortnight distant, in his engagement book. But there was still George, the butler, and Bella, the maid, to think of: they obviously wouldn't have gone to bed by that time of the evening.

A nice, jolly revue for Bella, thought Dr. Maskelyne, and a staid trade exhibition for George. He happened to know that the butler liked trade exhibitions. So he sent them tickets, anonymously, and waited to see if the bread he had cast upon the waters would come back buttered.

It came back very nicely buttered indeed. Dr. Maskelyne, complete with uniform and waxed moustache, was watching in the shadows when Sir Julius and Lady Cornford went off in the Rolls, and Lady Cornford was not wearing the sapphires. Half an hour later George and Bella came out hurriedly and got into a taxi.

Dr. Maskelyne gave them ten minutes to get away, and then when no one was about went up in the lift to the top floor. The flat was a maisonette and his plan was to get out of the window by the service stairs, which opened into the well.

There was a ledge there and he would then have to crawl about ten yards till he came to the scullery window. That should be easy enough to open—he had learned a lot about windows in the last few months. He then would come out into the passage, turn right into the hall past the straight stairway that led to the upper floor, and the door facing him would be Sir Julius's bedroom, where the sapphires were kept with a number of important papers in a wall safe. The only trouble he anticipated was in opening the safe. He had twice seen Sir Julius open it and knew exactly the three movements required. But he did not know the actual combination.



"Stop enjoying yourself when I'm mad at you!"

Everything went according to plan. Neither the ledge nor the window caused any bother. And he had not been working for more than a quarter of an hour when the safe door quietly opened and delivered the sapphires unto him. He dropped them into his right-hand trousers pocket and put the case back in the safe before he closed it. Just too easy, he thought! But this time he felt depressed rather than exhilarated. Perhaps it was that the climb along the ledge had not been worthy of him. Or perhaps it was something else. He had never robbed anyone he liked or admired before, and he did admire both Sir Julius and Lady Cornford very much. Although fabulously rich they were always doing something for somebody, and he did not like the feel of the sapphires in his trousers pocket.

He liked the feel of them even less a moment later; for he had only just closed the door of the room behind him when the light suddenly went on in the hall. Dr. Maskelyne stood stock still. He could see the switch right in front of him, and there wasn't anybody there at all. But then he looked up the stairs and there, on the top step, was a small boy, wearing very long pyjamas and watching him with much interest.

When he had recovered from the first shock, Dr. Maskelyne's immediate reaction was to bless his waxed moustache. There was just a chance that it might pull him through; for he knew the little boy very well and the little boy knew him. It was Timothy, Sir Julius's grandson, and he had had tonsilitis the last time he had stayed in their London flat.

Timothy meanwhile had come halfway down the stairs with his long pyjama trousers flapping round his bare feet. He did not seem to be frightened at all; and at length, looking through the banisters, he asked politely: "Who are you, please?"

Dr. Maskelyne answered rather hastily: "I'm the night-watchman. I have to go the rounds and see that everything is all right."

"And is everything all right?" Timothy asked.

"Yes, quite all right. . ... But you must go back to your bed at once. You'll catch cold with those bare feet."

Timothy did not go back to bed. He came farther down the stairs very slowly and deliberately, and new, disturbing thoughts went racing through Dr. Maskelyne's mind as he watched him. He had almost decided to run for it; but then the solemn little figure spoke again: "Do you know anything about little girls, night-watchman?"

"No, no, nothing." The doctor's answer was almost a sob. "You must go back to bed, little boy, and let me go on with my rounds."

Timothy then came right up beside him and stood looking up. "My sister's upstairs," he announced. "She's six. And she's very hot and she's breathing funny."

Dr. Maskelyne stared at him. "Are you here alone? Isn't there anyone looking after you?"

"Bella's supposed to be looking after us," Timothy answered. "But she's gone out. I promised not to tell, as a matter of fact. And I wouldn't have told only Susan's so hot and breathing so funny." He reached up and took Dr. Maskelyne's hand. "I'd like you to come up and look at Susan, night-watchman," he said.

Dr. Maskelyne sighed helplessly and went up the stairs. This is it, he thought bitterly! That little unpredictable something that upsets the whole tidy applecart!

Inside the room he found a very feverish little girl. She was tossing and turning in her bed and her pulse was racing. He tried not to be too professional as he examined her. Timothy was standing there watching him.

Dr. Maskelyne cursed his helplessness as he tried to soothe the fretful girl. He did not know what was wrong with her; he had no instruments to make the proper tests, and no one could give him the information he needed. All he knew was that Susan was a very sick girl and that he still had the sapphires in his right-hand trousers pocket.

Finally, out of the confusion in his mind a desperate plan began to grow. He had just about an hour before Bella and George were due back. He would tell Timothy to stay with his sister while he went to telephone for the doctor. He would then quickly go and put the sapphires back. After that he would telephone for a nurse—the child needed a nurse even more than a doctor. The nurse would be there within ten minutes, and he would tell Timothy to let her in and go home, change, and come back later as himself.

He stood up then and spoke to the boy. "Do you know who your doctor is?" he asked.

"Yes, he's Dr. Maskelyne," Timothy replied. "He's nice and he came every day when I had tonsilitis. He's just like you except for your funny moustache."

Dr. Maskelyne winced; but he went on carefully: "I'm going to telephone now for your doctor—and a nurse. You must stay here and see that Susan doesn't toss herself out of bed. You understand? It's very important that you stay with her."

Timothy seemed to understand the importance of it, and Dr. Maskelyne went out and closed the door. He had gone down the stairs and just had his hand on the door of Sir Julius's room when he saw Timothy come out of the bedroom in his bare feet. "I told you to stay with Susan!" he called out fiercely.

"Yes, night-watchman, I know." Timothy was as polite as ever. "But you don't know where the telephone is. It's not in grandpapa's room. It's round the corner there."

There was nothing for him to do but to go where the boy pointed. He got the number at once and, speaking as Dr. Maskelyne from his own house, he ordered a nurse to be sent round at once to the flat. Timothy, meanwhile, had gone back into the bedroom and shut the door. Dr. Maskelyne then made a second attempt to put the sapphires back; but he had not even reached the door this time when Timothy came running out again.

"Please, please, night-watchman! She's making bubbly noises now."

Dr. Maskelyne hurried up the stairs. He spent the next ten minutes trying to soothe the fretful girl; and then, too soon, the door bell rang. He had only one hope left, and that was to pull off his moustache, put on one of Sir Julius's overcoats to hide his porter's uniform, tell the nurse to go up to the bedroom, and then beat it. He might have a chance to put the sapphires back later when he fetched his instruments.

This was what he did; but when he opened the door, it was not the nurse outside, but Sir Julius and Lady Cornford. Sir Julius had his finger on the bell while Lady Cornford was still fumbling in her bag for the key. It was Lady Cornford who first recovered from her surprise. "Good gracious, Dr. Maskelyne! What on earth are you doing here?"

"Susan's very feverish," he answered. "I've sent for a nurse. Now I must go back for my instruments. I—I was at a party when I was called."

Sir Julius then said: "I suppose it

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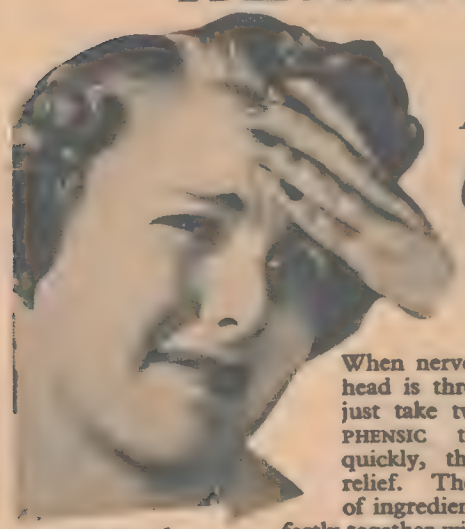
A SPLITTING HEADACHE



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was Bella who rang you, Doctor?"

"Yes, yes, Bella." Dr. Maskelyne lied distractedly.

"Never thought she'd have the sense!" said Sir Julius sharply. "It was because I was worried about Susan that we came away so early."

Lady Cornford was staring after Dr. Maskelyne as he hurried down the stairs. "How very odd!" she murmured. "It was your overcoat he was wearing! And did you see his trousers?"

Dr. Maskelyne, when he left the flat so hurriedly, had some idea of making a run for it; but that idea had evaporated long before he got home. He knew that he had had it. All that remained was to wait patiently and see what form the retribution took—not that there was generally much variety about that. So first he walked into a call-box, rang up his colleague, Dr. Henty, and told him to go at once to the Cornfords' flat. He explained that he had had a slight accident himself which might keep him indoors for some time. After that he went home and put his affairs in order while he waited for the police.

THE police had not arrived by nine o'clock the following morning, but his secretary turned up as usual. She had not been there very long before she came to tell him that Sir Julius had just rung up. He had had a sudden attack of lumbago and wanted him to go round and see him at his office as soon as possible.

The secretary then gave him a rather cryptic message. Sir Julius had said that he was to be sure to bring the blue things with him: she didn't know quite what he meant but presumed he was referring to some kind of pill. Dr. Maskelyne said that he thought he knew what Sir Julius wanted; and as soon as the secretary had withdrawn he went to his poison cupboard, tied up the sapphires and all the rest of the loot in a paper parcel, put it in his little black bag, and finally set out on what was presumably his last doctor's round, taking Sir Julius's overcoat with him.

Sir Julius was sitting behind a sumptuous mahogany desk when Dr. Maskelyne arrived, and by the way he struggled to his feet the latter saw that he really did have lumbago. He had successfully treated him before for this same complaint with massage and now made him take off his coat and braces and lie face down on the couch by the window.

The soothing rhythmic motion of his hands had gone on for perhaps a minute before either of them said anything of importance. Then it was Sir Julius who made the lead: "Have you brought the sapphires with you, Doctor?"

"Yes—and your coat. And all the other stuff!"

"So it wasn't the first time?"

"Good lord, no."

"But, my dear fellow, with your career and everything, how on earth did this all begin?"

Dr. Maskelyne never paused in his massaging as he told the story. He began with Lady Baxter and went right on to Sir Julius himself. After that he went further back still and described his Oxford career, his propensity for climbing and his habit of leaving strange souvenirs on Gothic pinnacles.

When the doctor had finished massaging, Sir Julius rose gingerly from the couch and felt himself.

"That's better," he announced gratefully. "Quite a lot better. Really, it would be a pity if the world were deprived of your services, doctor! . . . However, I suppose we had better have a look at the stuff."

Dr. Maskelyne undid the paper parcel while Sir Julius dressed. The emeralds and pearls and diamonds and sapphires all lay in a glittering heap on the mahogany desk. Sir Julius looked at them with interest. "H'm, quite a nice collection!" he observed. "That's the whole of it? You haven't sold any?"

"No. I wasn't in need of money, Sir Julius."

"I see. But you were in need of adventure?"

"I suppose that was it."

"Well, they'll all have to be returned to their rightful owners. That's the first step, and I shall make myself responsible for finding some suitable method of doing that. Any objections?"

"None at all."

Sir Julius put all the loot away in his safe, told Dr. Maskelyne to take a chair, and then sat down himself at the massive desk. "I've never blackmailed a man before," he went on thoughtfully, "and I really don't quite know how to begin. However, the position is this. I put up a hundred thousand pounds some months ago for the development of this new cure for leprosy. You've heard about that, of course?"

"Yes. It's an interesting theory."

"Well, we're going to try it out in Central Africa and Dr. Fleishman is going to be in charge."

"You couldn't have a better man."

"I'm glad to hear you say so. The rest of the team will be four trained nurses, and an assistant for Dr. Fleishman. That is the one post that is still vacant."

"I see!"

"The appointment will be for three years. It occurs to me that you might be glad to get away from London for just that period. You won't find any tiresome rich patients in Central Africa. But there are lots of trees to climb if the urge comes over you. What do you say, Doctor?"

"I say yes, Sir Julius."

SIR JULIUS beamed at him. "Well, that's most satisfactory," he said. "But there is just one other thing that you ought to know. Dr. Fleishman, of course, won't know anything about your—er—extra-medical qualifications. On the other hand," he pushed a framed photograph on his desk round towards Dr. Maskelyne, "this young lady does."

Dr. Maskelyne looked at the picture.

"My favourite niece, Doctor. She will be in charge of the nursing staff. In the circumstances I thought she ought to decide whether we could take the risk or not, and I therefore asked her to have breakfast with me this morning. . . . It's a charming portrait, don't you think?"

"Very charming! But—but what did she say?"

"She took quite a lenient view of your escapading. I think it was largely because she is very fond of both Timothy and Susan, for whom you took such enormous risks. She'd rather have you with her in Central Africa than languishing on Dartmoor."

Dr. Maskelyne stood up. "I don't know what to say, Sir Julius." He had a dazed look in his eye.

Sir Julius propelled him gently to the door with his hand on his shoulder. "Then don't say anything. I'm not suggesting anything in particular, but I think it would be a good thing if you had a wife when you return. A wife can be a great help to a man, you know. Helps to keep him home at nights for one thing!" THE END

NOW YOU KNOW

A BADLY-LIT room is often the fault of the owner. Dust and dirt over electric light bulbs and fittings waste light. Dark lampshades absorb light, and make for gloom. Narrow shades squeeze light into a small arc; wide ones distribute it.

Wall colours, too, affect illumination. White or cream walls are good light distributors. In a small, cream-walled room a 100-watt bulb may suffice. Paint the room salmon pink and, with twice as much light absorbed, you'll need another lamp. On the same principle, light curtains are better than dark.

SECRET OF THE BLACK BRAE

Continued from page 14

deceptive. On one side, he had the birchwoods to confuse his outline. Behind him his figure was obscured by the merging colours and the mixed shapes of the glen.

He had checked his first instinct, on hearing Anna's warning, to drop to cover. If he had done that, his own sudden movement might well have been sufficient for his opponent to get a bead on him. He remembered the beasts he had shot—and the men too—who had betrayed themselves by a quick movement in a moment of panic. Anyhow, the risk of standing was worth taking. He calculated that if he could tempt Daggers to shoot first and reveal his position, he might offer a chance for a snap shot as he raised his head; and raise his head he must, to get a clear aim down the hill.

Fieldcraft apart, Robert had the confidence of his own ability with a rifle. He felt in his bones that this was the sort of duel he was qualified to win. Without taking his eye off the hill, he called to Anna: "Don't come any closer. Stay exactly where you are."

"He means to kill you."

"I know he does. He's had one good try already. But this time, the odds are even. Where is he? Tell me roughly where to look for him. No, don't point, you silly idiot."

Robert's shout was too late. The crack of a rifle cut through the glen and echoed back with a thump from the surrounding hills. He heard the whine of a ricochet bouncing off the rocks behind him, but he had marked the flash of the discharge. His man was lying on the face of a ragged shelf of outcrop granite towards the top of the hill, about two hundred yards above him and to the left. Swinging his own rifle like a shotgun, while the report from Daggers's bullet was still echoing behind him, Robert pulled the trigger at the same instant that the butt touched his shoulder.

"Damn . . . high," he said to himself. As he said it, he flopped forward and flattened to the ground. Daggers's second shot, accurate but a fraction late, cut the air harmlessly above his head.

"Are you all right?" Anna shouted.

"He couldn't hit a haystack," Robert shouted back over the palm of his hand. "But you'd better take cover yourself."

"He's not after me," Anna called back.

"Sure of that?"

"Quite sure."

"Then stay on your feet and do my spotting for me. And, this time, don't point. Is he in the same place?"

"No, I think he's moving."

"Downhill?"

"I can't see very well. Listen, I must talk to you. I can't tell you all of it now. But he's mad. He doesn't know what he's doing. He's even raving that you and Mr. Cork know about something he's hidden in the river."

"He's quite right. We do."

"Then it's true."

"He's not all that mad. Why on earth did you put yourself in his hands, Anna?"

"Why couldn't you keep your own hands out of it? I told you what would happen."

"You mean you knew he was mad all along?"

"Wasn't it obvious? He's not responsible for his own actions. He's a sick man."

"Funny sort of fellow to fall in love with."

She didn't answer.

"Are you still there, Anna? I'm sorry about that last remark. I only said it because I'm potty about you myself. I'd like to pop up and say so officially but if I do, that basket will take a crack at me. Hi, there, where are you?"

He peered over the rock he was using for cover. Anna had vanished. A bullet chipped the stone a few inches from the side of his head. He ducked again hastily.

"If you're at all interested, Anna," he called into the blue, "he missed."

"You needn't shout any more. I'm just beside you."

Her voice carried to him from behind another rock on his right. He still couldn't see her.

"Better not come any closer. This fellow's such a poor shot, he might hit you in mistake for me."

"Don't underestimate him, Robert."

"I'm not likely to. I ought to tell you that he nearly succeeded in murdering us a little while ago."

"I know. I was with him when the car crashed. We heard the pistol shot. When he went after you, I followed him. I thought you were dead, Robert."

"Were you sorry?"

"Yes, sorry for everything. I got hold of his rifle and spoilt his aim."

"I wondered why he'd missed."

"You shouldn't have come here."

"Well, you needn't worry any more. So far as Gabriel Daggers is concerned, this is the reckoning."

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that," Anna said. "He's dangerous. Terribly dangerous."

"That's what you keep on saying. I know he's a murderer. I've got very personal reasons for remembering it. But I'm tired of hearing what a formidable fellow he's supposed to be. All I can say is that, so far, he's shown himself to be a very average shot. Gabriel Daggers has had it, Anna. Can you see him now?"

"No, he's out of sight again?"

"All right, keep your eyes open and

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hold your ground. I can manage Daggers. I'm going to work up-hill towards him. If you sight him again, try to give me a signal."

"You said just now that you . . . liked me. Do you mean it?"

"Of course I do, Anna. Why not?"

"If you mean what you say, don't try to kill Gabriel."

"Well, I'll be . . ." Robert rolled on to his side in surprise and peered through the rocks for a sight of her. But she was well hidden, and this time he remembered to keep his head down.

"Did I hear you straight?" he called. "Are you seriously suggesting that I should give this fellow a chance to make a getaway? What do you want me to do? Run away from him?"

"Yes, you can do that easily enough. Go and warn Mr. Cork. I'll stay here and Gabriel will think you're still with me among the rocks."

"I haven't the same confidence in your Gabriel as you appear to have yourself. So I'm not going to leave you to his doubtful mercies. But I'll make you a promise if you want it. I won't kill him unless I have to. Nevertheless, I suppose you'll have no objection to my winging him. By the way, do you know if he has any spare cartridges?"

"I haven't seen any. Why?"

"Presumably, he's got five in the clip. And three have gone already. Don't look my way. I'm about to give Gabriel Daggers a lesson in stalking. And in shooting, too."

ZIGZAGGING among the rocks, he started to worm his way up the steep slope of the hill. It was easy country for stalking by comparison with the open ground he had had to cover earlier. But if he was to keep his promise to Anna, he realized that he must get very close to his man to be absolutely certain of a shot that would cripple without killing.

Furthermore, the extra hazard made his own task more chancy. But the chance was worth taking. It was worth it if only for the satisfaction it would give him to prick this blighter's reputation, once and for all, under Anna's own nose. She seemed to be besotted with the idea of Daggers's invincibility. She talked of him with a sort of wide-eyed wonder, as if he were one of those characters in a strip cartoon. She was so exasperatingly sure that this fellow could kill him; kill him out of hand, as if he, Robert, were a barnyard fowl only fit to have his neck wrung. She even suggested that he ought to run away from the fellow.

Very well, she should see for herself where Daggers got off. Up till now, Robert reflected, Daggers had hardly given an impressive performance, either as a marksman or a superman. Admittedly, as Mr. Cork said, it was pretty smart work to carry off that loot under the eyes of the enemy, in the thick of a Commando raid. But nothing that Daggers had done subsequently seemed particularly decorative. He had murdered some poor devil in rather sordid circumstances. He had laid a treacherous trap by messing about with the Bentley. He had ambushed Mr. Cork and himself. And he had succeeded in making poor Anna's life a misery by pestering her with his attentions.

Anna, of all people. Robert felt angry and confused.

What funny creatures women were. If she believed Daggers was mad, as she said, why the devil had she put up with him? And why make a song and dance to save him from a well-deserved bullet in his guts? No doubt she had her reasons. But, like many men in love for the first time, Robert felt that women were very difficult to understand.

Robert had now worked up-hill to the

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

level where he had first seen Anna, and to the left of the place where he guessed she was now lying. He wanted to be well clear of her in case he invited another bullet, but thought it wiser to pinpoint her position before going any farther. He now had a better view of the rocky slopes below him and, before long, worked his way to an overhanging crag which gave him a view of Anna crouched in a rocky cleft about fifty yards down the hill. Presumably Daggers could see her, too, her mackintosh belted carelessly, her dark hair blowing in the wind and setting off the pallor of her face. She looked at once desirable and strangely remote and unreal.

"Don't look at me, Anna," he shouted, "I just wanted to tell you that I love you—I wanted to say it before but I couldn't make it—and then I want to know if you can tell me the next instalment of Superman. Where is he now?"

Anna didn't answer. Looking down again, Robert saw her with hands clenched, her head down, almost as though she were praying. Poor kid, Robert thought; she was absolutely worn out with strain.

"Anna," he called out more urgently. "Are you all right? Don't get in a panic. I'll fix him. But, for God's sake, give me a clue where he is."

"I'm not sure where he is now," she called back. "Last time I saw him he was climbing up the hill away to the left. Right over there, away from you."

"Okeydoke," said Robert cheerfully.

But, as he moved off in the direction indicated, he was bothered. "Funny business," he muttered to himself. "I'd have expected him to come my way if he's serious."

He snaked faster along the broken ground. If Daggers, contrary to all expectation and Anna's opinion of him, was trying to make a bolt for it after all, he'd have to overtake him. Robert was now nearly out of shouting distance of Anna. He could see her on the slopes below him and, for a moment, he wondered whether to risk a last call to her before going on. But Anna herself anticipated him. She was signalling with lowered arms, clearly indicating that he must move still farther to her left. To the left.

ROBERT did as he was told, skirting the crown of the hill and searching every likely hiding-place in the ground for his opponent. If Daggers planned a retreat to the Black Brae, why was he making his way beyond it? What possible advantage could there be to Daggers in drawing away from the ground in this strange fashion?

The more he thought about it, the less he liked it. Either Daggers was much closer that he realized, or he was backing away aimlessly into the roadless hills.

He crawled on until he found a rock with a fractured opening sliced down the middle. Spying through it carefully, he could see no sign of movement. Raising himself on his arms, he peered cautiously over the top. If Daggers was there, he didn't accept the offer of a shot. Robert, with a confidence that was now near certainty, circled round to the other side of the stone and looked back over the ground he had already covered. There was no sign of Daggers.

Robert raised the barrel of his rifle in the air and pulled the trigger. As the report reverberated through the hills, he saw his opponent's head and shoulders pop up and down, like a target in a shooting gallery, high on the hill and five hundred yards at least to the right of him. The sickly suspicion dawned on Robert that perhaps Daggers, too, had been taking signals from Anna; that she had deliberately misled them both in an attempt to keep them apart. So she still believed that Robert was no match for him. Cursing all women, he tightened his grip on his rifle.

At that range, Daggers had made no attempt to fire. That seemed to confirm that he had no ammunition to spare. What he would do now was to close the gap as quickly as he could.

Robert thought quickly. It was long odds on Daggers wasting one of his last two cartridges on a long-range shot at a moving target. It was likely that he'd be much too busily engaged sweating over the wet ground to lift his head until he was fairly sure that he had closed the range to a reasonable distance.

Robert sprang to his feet, his rifle at the trail, and, doubling himself up, made a fifty-yard rush. He rested just long enough to nurse his head and regain his breath; then he jumped forward again. He covered about two hundred yards without incident. Lying along a shelf of rock, he recovered his wind and muscle control and waited.

Daggers moved more quickly over the ground than Robert expected. He saw him first, the dark hump of his back, creeping forward just a little below him at about seventy-five yards' range. It was a plumb easy shot, but Robert, in spite of the way that Anna had misled him, meant to keep his promise. A bullet through Daggers's lungs would kill him. He was content to wait until his man delivered himself utterly into his hands.

Daggers crouched behind a large rock stuck into the turf like a nut in the icing of a cake. He didn't offer a shot. But Robert reckoned he must be looking for him in the wrong direction. It was as satisfactory as beating an old stag to the wind. The risk of closing the range had been justified.

"Your number's up, Daggers," he shouted.

Daggers swung round in surprise. He raised his rifle and put a wild shot in Robert's direction. For a moment Robert saw his outline.

"That's four bullets," he shouted, as Daggers bobbed behind the rock again. "Only one left, I think. You'll have to do better than that, you know."

He watched, mind and muscle taut for a betraying movement. He saw the barrel of Daggers's rifle slide cautiously round the side of the rock. The butt of the rifle tightened against his own shoulder. He took up the first pressure on the trigger and, holding his breath to steady his aim, fired. Immediately, Daggers half rose to his feet and returned the shot. The bullet whizzed harmlessly over Robert's shoulder.

"Five," he yelled triumphantly. And, ejecting the spent cartridge from his own rifle, and closing the bolt on another round, he rose to his knees for the settling shot. Even if Daggers had a pistol, he had him now. But, as he lifted the rifle to his shoulder, a weight landed on his back and he was thrown sideways. The rifle wrenched out of his hands and, rolling helplessly, he came down heavily to the ground.

Anna, her arms wound round his shoulders, hung on desperately.

"Run, Gabriel," she shouted. "Run while you can. I can't hold him much longer."

Daggers rose from behind the rock. He glanced at the two struggling figures. Then, without a word, he turned and ran towards the crown of the hill.

Robert, recovering himself, broke away from Anna's clawing hold. He saw Daggers running and looked wildly about him for the rifle; but Anna remembered it, too. In a moment she was on to it. Lifting it with both hands over her head, she dashed it down the hill.

Daggers was already well clear. Together, they saw him reach the crest and, without a backward glance, start down the far slopes of Cnoc Craggie.

MR. CORK dragged his legs through the sopping bracken to the river bank. He was glad to be off the road. There was no sign of Johnson's car—Anna must have left it farther down the river—and he preferred the prospect of a seven-mile walk over the moors to another encounter with Daggers or Kurt. He was relieved to have come as far as he had without incident and he would feel happier still when he had put the Black Brae behind him. Once across the bridge over the salmon leap, he could feel reasonably safe. Within a couple of hours, he could be back with help for Robert and, if they could find her, Anna as well. After that, his responsibility was ended.

But he was worried about Daggers. Daggers's first objective, now that his cache was discovered, would be to move his treasure. And there seemed little doubt that the hiding-place was somewhere in the pool of the Black Brae. Mr. Cork approached it again with sinking heart. But it was the only place within miles where there was a footbridge. And one glance at the river showed that there was no hope, after the cloudburst in the night, of fording the stream lower down.

In a few hours the flow of water had swelled from a gentle, crystal-clear current to an angry, peat-coloured flood. Boils of yellow foam swirled in the eddies. A dead sheep, swollen-bellied, floated in the current. The banks were choked with broken timber and rubbish carried downstream in the spate. The water level had risen about four feet in twelve hours. It was the bridge or nothing.

Only sheer desperation could have persuaded Mr. Cork to attempt the crossing of the hanging bridge over the Edendale. Strung loosely across the abyss of the salmon leap, it was a frail cobweb, sticky with the mist which steamed up from the white water and swaying like a hammock over the jagged rocks below. As he clutched the single wire strand provided as a hand hold and stepped tentatively on to the

". . . mutual admiration society.

YOU MAY PERSUADE A WOMAN but you'll never convince her is a saying invented by men who don't want to argue. For that matter, women don't either. So when a woman finds a man whose instinct works like hers, that's her best reason for a mutual admiration society of two. The millions who smoke Craven 'A' are confirmed non-arguers. They don't bother to analyze the pleasure in the clean, firm feel of the *natural* cork tip, so kind to the lips, and the unvarying flavour of rich tobacco, so kind to the throat. *They've* found it, others haven't.

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THERE is more electricity available now than ever before . . . but there are also more industrial, commercial and domestic consumers using more and more electricity.

This is as it should be, but the problem of "Peak Hours" during winter still has to be overcome. Hard winter weather is the problem. The increased supply of electricity is not yet sufficient to cope with the greatly increased demand when it reaches its "Peak"—that is, when everyone uses electricity at the same time.

YOU can help solve this problem most easily by switching off your electric fire during the "Peak Hours." That would help to snip the top off the peak and so avoid power cuts.

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From Mondays to Fridays during Peak Hours, and whenever there is a Broadcast Warning, use electricity sparingly, particularly electric fires. The usual Peak Hours are 8 to 9.30 a.m. (during the 6 months October to March).

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It's only natural . . .

. . . . for her to include the Pup in 'washing-day', although he may not see eye to eye with her. Happily occupied, she's seldom bored or fretful. But should some minor upset put her out of sorts, then Mother naturally turns to 'California Syrup of Figs' to restore regularity, bright eyes and sunny nature. This kindly, pleasant laxative contains extracts of senna and ripe figs. Purely vegetable and naturally nice.

'California Syrup of Figs'

reeling footboards, he swallowed giddily. But he didn't turn back.

He seized the wire cable in both hands and launched himself crabwise over the watery pit. As he moved, the narrow foot-planks bounced and twisted. The wire cable, cutting into his palms, swung playfully under his weight. His feet slipped on the greasy wood. And he was enveloped in the cold spray thrown off the rocks by the fall.

In spite of himself he looked down. It was only for a fraction of a second that he peeped into the boiling mess tumbling and pitting and mushrooming under his feet. But it was enough. His stomach heaved and his legs turned to water. His courage seeped out of him. And he realized, with awful certainty, that he could neither go forward nor move back. He hung pitifully on the holding wire like a trapped fly.

HOURS later, it seemed (in fact, it was a couple of minutes), an arm grasped him firmly round the waist. He gaped round in dazed astonishment.

"You're quite all right," shouted Madame Breuvart over the rush of water. "Let go that right hand and put your arm on my shoulder. There's nothing to worry about."

Mr. Cork did as he was told. Hearing her steady voice, and feeling her solid shoulder under his grip, the control came back into his legs. Unreasoningly, he felt safe again. He followed her, with the stumbling confidence of a blind man, to the bank. Then he collapsed.

"I'll get you some cognac," she said.

Presently she returned with a flask.

"This will do you good."

He nodded gratefully. The neat spirit made him cough, but it glowed inside him bravely. He felt rather better. "Thank you," he said. "You saved my life."

"I wanted to cross the bridge myself. You were in the way."

"I was foolish to make the attempt. I'm afraid I haven't the head for that sort of thing. I was running away."

"Who from? What has happened?"

"Daggers has tried to murder us. Two people have been shot; one of them killed by Kurt. And the young man you saw with me this morning has been injured."

Mr. Cork helped himself tremblingly to a cigarette. The Frenchwoman's eyes narrowed. She scanned the hills behind them. "Where is Daggers now?"

"Over there somewhere."

"And the Boche—Kurt?"

"I hope he's out of the way, but I doubt it."

She peered again into the hills. "You must go away from here immediately," she said. "I'll help you. Come quickly."

"No, it's no good," he said. "I know when I'm beaten. You must leave me here." He put his hand wearily to his head. "You must go to Edendale for me. Tell them what's happened and. . . ."

"It's impossible." For the first time Madame Breuvart seemed excited. "You must go immediately. You can't stay here."

"And you?"

"I will follow you." She was becoming more agitated. "You are in terrible danger."

"Is there no danger for you?"

She didn't answer.

"What do you know about these Pongratz jewels?" he asked suddenly.

Her face hardened. Tired as he was, Mr. Cork saw the change in her.

"Suppose you tell me the truth," he said. "You know Daggers, although you denied it the last time we met. You know Kurt. And you know about the jewels. What else but the jewels were you looking for yesterday? What are you up to at the Black Brae now?"

"What are you doing here yourself?" she asked defensively.

"Exposing a murderer."

"You come from the police?"

"I am going to them," Mr. Cork said. "They'll ask you a lot of embarrassing questions."

"What have I got to fear? I had nothing to do with it. Johnnie wasn't even my husband."

"Who was Johnnie?"

She stared at him incredulously. "You didn't know?"

"How should I? The best thing you can do, in your own interests, is to make a clean breast of it. Who was Johnnie?"

In her damp clothes, with her hair in dripping rats'-tails, Madame Breuvart looked like a naiad of the angry river.

"He was a British soldier, Johnnie Stephens. He was the man who was murdered here by Daggers," she said, in a low voice. "I loved him."

Mr. Cork said: "I see. I'm sorry . . . had you known him long?"

"Since the raid."

"What raid?" Mr. Cork studied her face with sharpened interest. "Was it the commando raid in which Daggers looted the jewels?"

She looked at him, and now she was on her guard again.

"You're only telling me the other half of something I know already," Mr. Cork said. "Daggers stole the jewels in a raid on the French coast. Was this the same raid?"

"Yes."

"Did Johnnie know the jewels had been stolen?"

"They did it together."

"What happened to Johnnie?"

"He was left for dead on the beaches. I saved him from the Boches. Daggers got away."

As if in echo to the sound of the name, the hills answered back with a distant report. Almost at once another report, like a second syllable, followed. The Frenchwoman, slumped and sullen while Mr. Cork questioned her, became alert.

"Rifle fire," she said. "It's from over the hill beyond the hut." She got to her feet. "Do you still want to stay here?"

"Yes."

She shrugged fatalistically. "Then you had better get under cover," she said. . . .

How long it was that he watched and waited, Mr. Cork couldn't remember. Sheltering under the rocks, his perceptions blunted by weariness and his feeling dulled by horror, he was almost past caring. Shot by shot, he listened in a

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I DON'T mind people who let off steam every now and then about some real—or even fancied—grievance. But I dislike chronic grumblers.

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★TRUE STORIES from an Insurance Man's Notebook

There was an old lady

. . . and here's her story just as I jotted it down

APRIL 10th Called on old Mrs. Fry for premium as usual. Mrs. F. worried about Solicitor's letter asking whereabouts of a relative—a Miss Hatch. Promised to write Solicitors for her.

APRIL 15th Reply from Solicitors. Appears cousin has died leaving estate to be shared by Mrs. Fry, Miss H. and two others. Miss H. cannot be traced.

APRIL 17th Explained position to Miss F. Old lady doesn't want to get mixed up in it!'

MAY 20th Still no news of Miss H. Decide to take a hand myself.

MAY 30th Traced various relatives several miles away. They say Miss H. moved to Greenwich ten years ago.

JUNE 6th Down to Greenwich. No luck. People at address given have never heard of Miss H.

JUNE 11th Back to Greenwich. Searched cemetery records and found Miss H. died two years ago. Informed Solicitors.

JULY 6th Estate has been settled. Mrs. F's share £250. Biggest sum she's ever seen! Her joy ample reward for my trouble.

What has this to do with Insurance? Nothing! But any Insurance Agent will tell you that helping his policy-holders in all sorts of ways is part and parcel of the service he renders. Mrs. Fry is not the old lady's real name and this is not her photograph. But the story is fact, not fiction. It comes from a representative of one of the following Insurance Offices which have spread the benefits of Insurance throughout the community.

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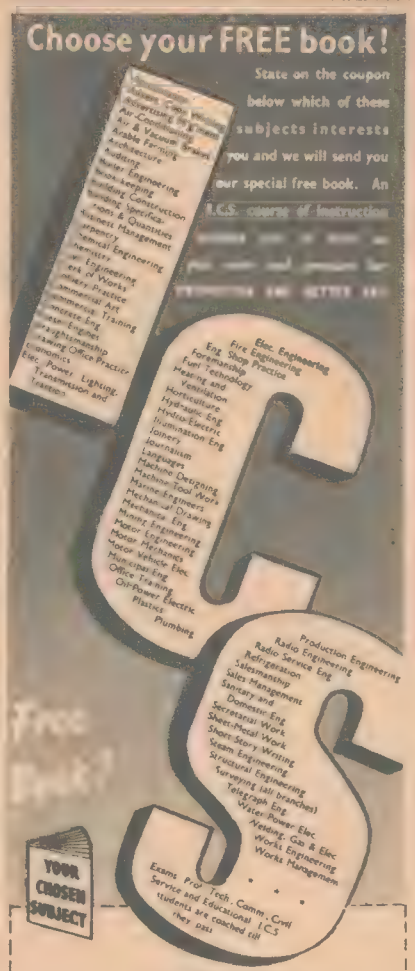

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Red Indians know what's good for them!

PALEFACE chief is ready for the fun—as Ivor and Kathleen, two Bonny Bournville youngsters play another game of Red Indians! Ivor is an enthusiastic youngster, who seizes hold of whatever he's doing with both hands (he's ambidextrous, like his father). His hobbies include painting—he's won several competitions, painting subjects of his own choice. Blue eyed, golden haired Kathleen is the musical one of the pair. She likes any game with a song in it, and loves to listen to the radio with mother, learning new tunes. Both children are keen on Bournville Cocoa. They demand it for elevenses, and at bedtime. Ivor likes a cup at teatime, too. For sweets, his favourite is Chocolate Fudge, and Kathleen loves the Chocolate Sandwich cake that mother makes for tea. Here's how to make Ivor's favourite sweet :

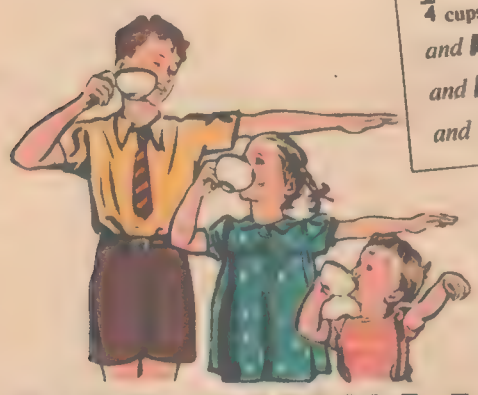
CHOCOLATE FUDGE

Cadbury's own recipe

3 tablesp. sweetened condensed or evaporated milk · 4 tablesp. water 3 oz. sugar · 1 good dessertsp. Bournville Cocoa · ½ oz. margarine 1 teasp. vanilla essence

Put all ingredients into a 6" saucepan. Warm gently until the sugar is dissolved, then boil briskly about 12 mins. Stir fudge continuously and reduce the heat a little towards the end of the cooking when the mixture will become very thick. Test in same way as toffee. Then remove the pan from the heat, beat fudge well until it is almost setting. Pour quickly into greased tin and mark into squares before it sets.

¼ lb. of Bournville Cocoa helps to make 14 cups of chocolatey cocoa
and **A BIG CHOCOLATE CAKE**
and **A CHOCOLATE CREAM TRIFLE**
and **A DISH OF CHOCOLATE FUDGE**



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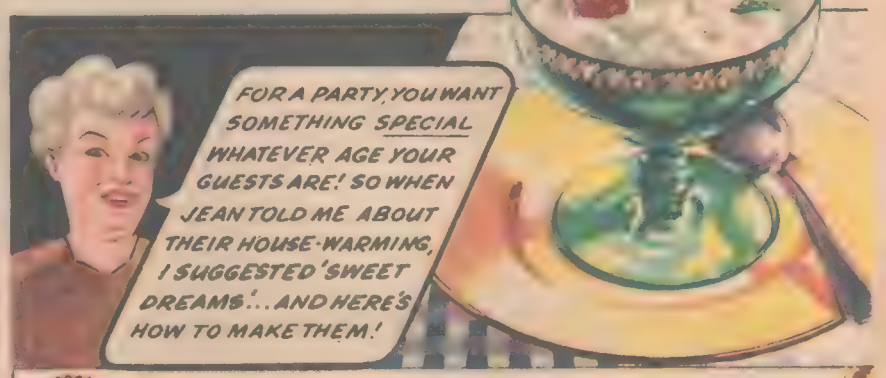
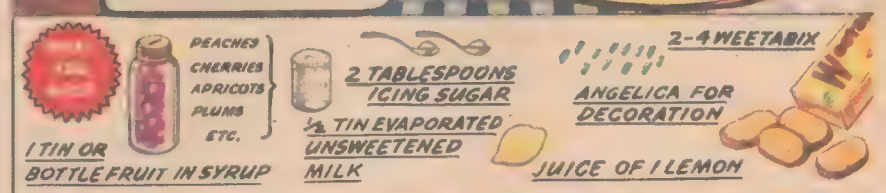

FOR A PARTY, YOU WANT SOMETHING SPECIAL WHATEVER AGE YOUR GUESTS ARE! SO WHEN JEAN TOLD ME ABOUT THEIR HOUSE-WARMING, I SUGGESTED 'SWEET DREAMS'... AND HERE'S HOW TO MAKE THEM!


1 TIN OR BOTTLE FRUIT IN SYRUP
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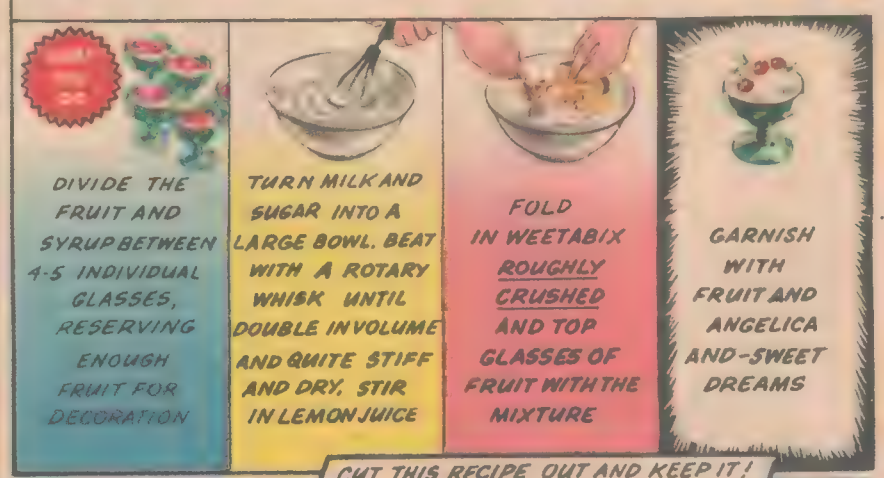
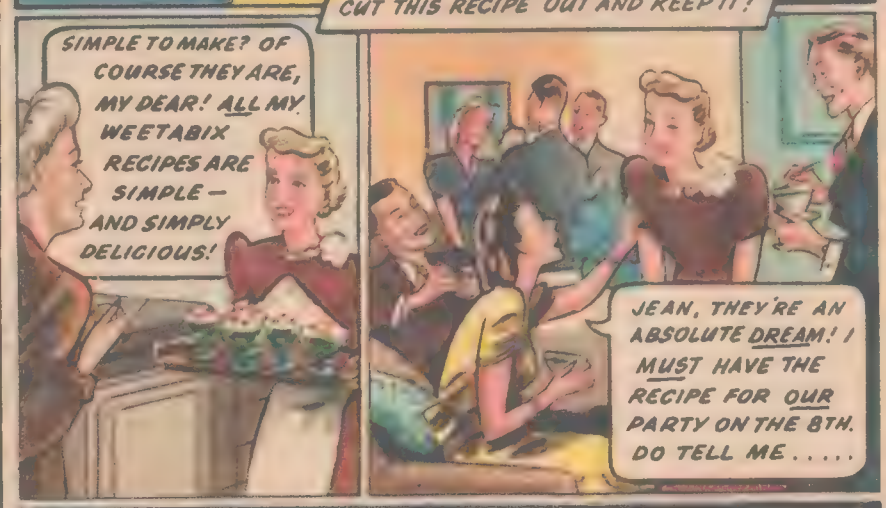
2 TABLESPOONS ICING SUGAR
½ TIN EVAPORATED UNSWEETENED MILK
2-4 WEETABIX
ANGELICA FOR DECORATION
JUICE OF 1 LEMON


DIVIDE THE FRUIT AND SYRUP BETWEEN 4-5 INDIVIDUAL GLASSES, RESERVING ENOUGH FRUIT FOR DECORATION
TURN MILK AND SUGAR INTO A LARGE BOWL. BEAT WITH A ROTARY WHISK UNTIL DOUBLE IN VOLUME AND QUITE STIFF AND DRY. STIR IN LEMON JUICE
FOLD IN WEETABIX ROUGHLY CRUSHED AND TOP GLASSES OF FRUIT WITH THE MIXTURE
GARNISH WITH FRUIT AND ANGELICA AND-SWEET DREAMS

CUT THIS RECIPE OUT AND KEEP IT!


SIMPLE TO MAKE? OF COURSE THEY ARE, MY DEAR! ALL MY WEETABIX RECIPES ARE SIMPLE — AND SIMPLY DELICIOUS!
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WHEAT — MALT — SUGAR AND SALT — CRISPLY TOASTED

puzzled way to the duel on the hill. Somewhere near, he knew, Madame Breuvart was looking for vengeance.

But his limbs were immeasurably heavy. He was cold and stiff and light-headed. And he was at first only mildly interested when he noticed the black spot of a man running down the face of Cnoc Craggie towards the Black Brae.

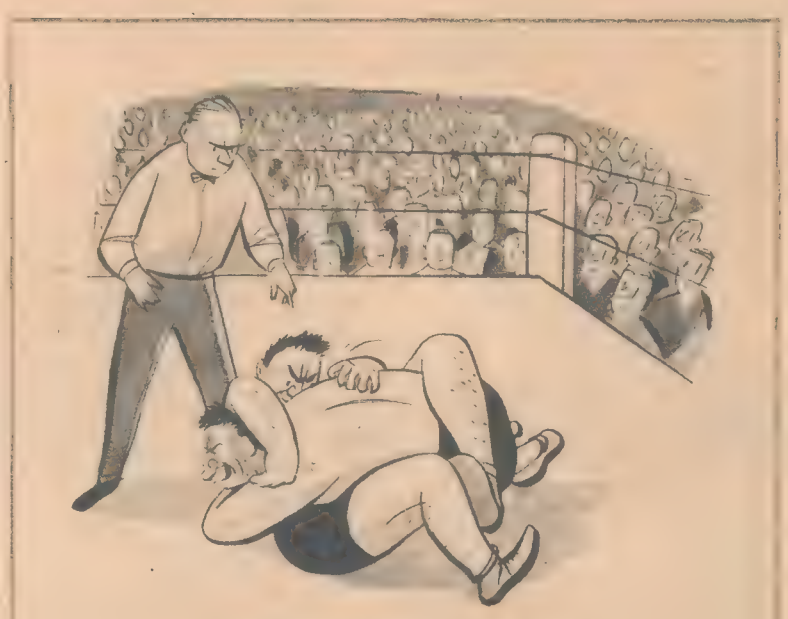
FLAILING his arms to keep his balance, taking the descent in long swinging strides, Gabriel Daggers plunged recklessly towards the drain-hole of the Black Brae. As he followed his feet in wild arcs down the hillside, his mind was racing with desperate calculations. With every jarring leap, the hammer thumping inside his head urged him to fiercer effort. He who had never made a mistake was suddenly struggling in a whirlpool of inexplicable challenge.

What had gone wrong? What, in the name of reason, had gone wrong? Nothing before that he had planned had failed. He was cleverer than they were, subtler in strategy, bolder in action. Yet now, when he had most brilliantly achieved the most daring exploit of all, the pawns in the game were incomprehensibly defying him. He was dead, and they wouldn't believe it. He had them in his power and they wouldn't go down. The very bullets in his rifle had turned against him. And Anna, the one person he trusted, had betrayed him.

That was it. It was Anna's fault. The mistake he had made was to share himself with anybody, even Anna. It was Anna who had put the German and his gang on the trail again. It was Anna who had disturbed his aim when he could have wiped out the whole hornet's nest of them. He hated her.

She had never really loved him. She had sacrificed herself—that was the lick-spittle phrase that people used—she had sacrificed herself because she was sorry for him. He would almost have preferred the bullet to the look of pity she had darted at him, just now on the hill, over that fellow's back. Damn her pity. Her pity and everybody else's. He could do without it. If there was any pity about, it was he, and nobody else, who was going to do the pitying.

He needed neither their sympathy nor



"Down the shoulder a bit—and just a little bit to the left"

their company. He had something more valuable to concern himself with. With the Pongratz jewels in his pocket, he could afford to laugh at the lot of them. Let them bring the police. What could they prove against him? These people could say he was alive, but what evidence could they produce in support? The law said he was dead. First they had to lay hands on him, and then they had to discover who it was they had hooked out of the river.

The more he thought about it, the more his spirits rallied. The German would hang for shooting Snatcher. The others would have to explain, as best they could, the two cars piled up in the glen. And he himself would disappear like a shadow in the trackless wilderness of the hills.

Nearing the Black Brae, his pulse began to beat excitedly and he was possessed by the rising pressure of returning self-confidence. All he had to do now was to collect the jewels from their hiding-place. With the river in flood, it was going to be difficult. But the job must be done, and done quickly. He had to get deep into the hills before the arrival of the police.

As he leapt on to the road, he gazed down arrogantly at the silver ribbon of the Edendale. He estimated that if the rain held off, the spate would have spent itself by the following morning. But he couldn't wait. He had to rely on his own strength and knowledge of the water, to move the box in the cavity under the racing salmon leap at the Black Brae.

He walked up the bank, studying the current and the water level with the experienced eye of the angler. He stood looking at the pool at the same spot where Mr. Cork had watched Madame Breuvart. Then, creeping along the shelving rocks, he lay down in exactly the same place where, earlier, Madame Breuvart had been at work with the gaff.

Leaning down, he thrust his arm under the edge of the waterfall into the still water below. The current, even at the side, pulled strongly against his arm. But, straining himself, Daggers was able to run his fingers lovingly over the underwater rocks, like a cracksman feeling the combination of the locks on a safe. He couldn't reach the cavity he was feeling for. Standing up, he threw off his hat and scarf, coat and shirt, and stripped himself to the waist. Then he lay down again and, knuckling his legs firmly round a crag on the brink, he bent his whole torso into the current. With one hand he got a grip on a rock under the fall, with the other he reached into the hole where he had hidden the Pongratz jewels.

MR. CORK, hidden by the rocks at the side of the pool, looked at the man of whom he had heard so much, with quickening interest. Seeing him there, stripped to the waist, struggling with the angry river, he seemed at first sight almost ineffective. Then he saw his eyes. He remembered how Anna had talked of them. Deep-set and heavy-lashed, Daggers had eyes like coiled snakes. The flash in them was hypnotic and venomous. He was mad, stark mad.

Mr. Cork, watching him with fascination, waited to see what he would bring up from the bottom of the river. He noticed that Daggers had a struggle to pull himself clear. The muscles in his back rippled with effort, and, when he twisted himself free of the fall, he doubled up for a moment, breathing hard from the exertion, shaking his head and blowing to clear his nose and ears of water. It was apparent that the effort in the current had been almost too much for him. But, almost at once, he ducked down again and, with a heave, pulled a greenish-looking, rusty box out of the river.

It looked like a small deed box. It was bound with twists of wire and, as Daggers lifted it clear of the river, it dripped leakily with water.

In his curiosity, Mr. Cork became careless. He leaned right over the rock where he had hidden himself to get a better view. And Daggers spotted him. With half-lidded eyes, he sprang to his feet. Mr. Cork saw his shoulder blades twitch and his jaw muscles working. He said nothing. But, with fierce agility, he jumped up the face of the rock from the river level and made straight for the place where Mr. Cork was hiding at the mouth of the hanging bridge.

To be continued next week

I DO FLY

Continued from page 21

would cover a part of her face, even if only a small and token part. This woman was beautiful in both the Indian and the European senses of the word. She had a dark-eyed face of classical beauty. She was looking coolly at him.

He caught no more than a glimpse of her, and he was surprised, for such loveliness is a rarity among peasant women. But in that fleeting second he had seen something else as well. It was a long strip of oiled silk. The fine waterproofed texture of it was unmistakable. It was hanging on a nail. Why would a piece of such expensive material be in a peasant's house?

"Here is the road, sahib," said the man.

"I am grateful," Tim said, but he dallied a moment, smiling his disarming smile. "Were you an Army man?" he said. "I am in the Army." He said it casually, and the man also smiled, pleased perhaps that he should be taken for a soldier.

"*Nahin*, sahib," he said. "I was a mechanic in the war."

"With the government?" Did a shadow cross the strong face, or was that only his imagination?

"Yes," the man said, without emotion. "I was with the government, sahib."

Tim turned to go, but he spoke to the man again. "Up at the top is the best?" he asked, pointing to the pine trees far above them.

"Yes, sahib," said the man.

"That's a terrible climb you have given me." Tim laughed, and the other laughed as well. Tim did not look back as he climbed the hill, but his mind was busy.

After a while, he said to the coolie: "That man, has he been here long?"

"Two years he has been here. He is a good man, they say, helpful to his neighbours. I heard that in the war he worked with the air machines at Saharanpur. He is a man of great strength, but gentle."

They went on again. Tim fired at a ghooral on the high ground, but he missed. Then they walked down to the car.

TIM said: "He was the most amazing shape I've ever seen, with arms and hands like two Carneras. I couldn't see the arms themselves, but they were literally bursting out of his shirtsleeves. He was like a boy from the waist down, small-boned, not just thin."

Fanshawe shook his head. "It's a waste of time," he said. "Even if he has got bloody great arms, that's no reason why he should be able to fly."

"I know it's unlikely," Tim said. He was trying to be patient. "But what about the piece of oiled silk? Why would a peasant have that?"

"Must say I never saw one with the stuff," Fanshawe admitted. "But there's no reason why he shouldn't have it."

Tim felt all steamed up. "Well, I'm going to have another look this evening," he said. "Are you coming?"

Fanshawe hesitated for a long time. "All right," he said gruffly. "I'll come along with you."

PARKING the car in the same place, Tim led the way uphill. There was still a glow in the western sky, but it was dark, darker than it would be when the moon rose. He stumbled a little on the rough hillside, and he could hear Fanshawe's muffled imprecations behind. Fanshawe's command of invective was something to listen to.

They made little noise in their rubber-soled boots. Back in the plain of the Doon the jackals sang their ululating dirge. The barking of dogs was intermittent.

They both carried pistols. Tim had his long torch and a pair of field-glasses. He touched the pistol, glad to have it with him, even if he did smile at his nervousness. He had never quite got over his childish fear of the dark; not of the pitch blackness of a windowless cellar, but of the things which lurked in shadow.

Soon he reached the path. He turned then and followed it along the hillside, past the boulders and the rustling bamboos, into the darkness of trees. A wakeful family of jungle-fowls cackled and clucked, sounding exactly like domestic hens. They skirted the first huts and terraces. The dogs barked loudly, but their barking was so continual a habit, echoing the alarms of other dogs, voicing their own fears of the hill panthers which lurked always and would come but once, that there was hardly a greater noise at the passing of the men.

The moon rose. It was a murky orange ball above the Siwalicks, not yet giving light. Then they were beyond the trees again. The gradual slope was before them, and a dim light in the cottage below it.

"That's the place," Tim whispered. "Let's wait here."

They sat down among bushes. If Fanshawe was an impatient man, he did not show it now, for he sat absolutely still, arms locked over his knees, eyes on the door of the hut. It was not more than a hundred yards from them. Tim could hear the occasional murmur of voices, but

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nothing moved. The breeze had died down. The jackals still howled far away. An owl shrieked once.

They sat there for a long time and nothing happened. Nothing would happen, Tim told himself, depressed now at the craziness of the idea.

But in the end someone did come out of the cottage. The moon was high now, but not bright enough to show the figure sharply at that distance. Fanshawe did not move a muscle. Another figure came out, smaller than the first. That would be the woman. They disappeared beyond the cottage for a moment. Then they were walking up the slope. The woman carried a big bundle in her arms.

TIM could see well through the glasses. He could make out the shuffling gait of the man. It was a long bundle the woman carried, with a faint sheen where the moonlight caught it. He passed the glasses over to Fanshawe.

With his bare eyes he saw that they had stopped, that the man and the woman were unravelling the big bundle, laying it in two parts on the hillside. The woman stood aside then, and the man knelt down.

"They're wings all right," Fanshawe breathed. "He's fixing them up."

The man moved from the first wing to the second. At last he stood up. Tim had the glasses again. He felt his heart pounding as he watched him. The man stood facing downhill with his arms outstretched. He wore a dark loincloth, but otherwise he was naked. In that dim light the magnificent distortion of his body was accentuated. The upper arms were as big as a man's thigh. And the strangest thing was that he did not look like a freak, a misbegotten thing which would make ordinary men catch their breath and shudder. He was a new kind of man, a frightening but not a horrible thing to see.

The woman took one wing and then the other and slipped them on to his arms. The attachment seemed to be as easy as that, no strapping or fastening. The man raised the wings once and forced them down in a powerful beat. Then he spoke and the woman stepped away.

He began to move downhill. He ran slowly at first, and clumsily, as a vulture runs before flying. But he gathered speed, faster and faster, till the ungainly lurching of his legs became a light floating movement. The wings were parallel with the hillside, held quite still.

The dark figure was blurred, moving at great speed. But suddenly the wings turned up to meet the air and rose and fell in a quick beating. He was flying. He swept out over the nullah, diving for speed; then he rose, turned south towards the moon, and swung again, back over the place where the men were crouching. There was a swishing as he passed, but it was a small noise, no louder than the sigh of a breeze in pine trees. From below the wings looked like giant hearts, and the man's legs made a narrow line between them. The wing beats were slow.

"Go inside!" he said clearly and sharply to the woman who was waiting. It was a strange thing to hear a man's deep voice speak from the sky.

Then he turned again and flew out strongly over the two thousand foot drop, swung towards the moon, body a narrow speck between the slow-thrashing wings. He dwindled and was gone.

"Well, I'll be ——" whispered Fanshawe. "Talk about seeing pink rats."

The woman went down and entered the house.

"Listen!" murmured Fanshawe. "We're going to the house. You wait outside while I talk to the woman." He was stating what would happen. Tim realized that from now on he did what he was told.

"O.K.," he said, and followed Fanshawe over to the hut.

Fanshawe had his hand on his pistol holster. He pushed open the door and went in. There was a stifled woman's cry and silence for a moment after that. Tim stood with his back to the door, listening to them inside but watching the sky.

"How long will he be away?" was the first question Fanshawe asked. He spoke the language exceptionally well. You would have thought it was an Indian talking.

"I do not know, sahib."

"Answer me! You do know." His voice was brutal, cold with menace.

The woman sobbed. "Half an hour, perhaps an hour. He is only flying tonight."

Only flying. That was the first admission.

He spoke quite gently now. "Answer my questions and you have nothing to fear." Fanshawe was a past master at interrogation, knowing well how to intimidate and then cajole.

The story came out quickly. Her man's name was Raj Ram. They were married after the war. Yes, they were strangers here, although his father had been a farmer near Dehra Dun, and that was not far away. She was from Lucknow herself, not a peasant, and he had brought her here. In this house he had made the wings. Yes, she had helped him. No, she did not know what made him do it, but he had learned to fly. He never told her. He just made her help him. They had no children.

Tim noticed the change in her voice as she went on replying. Now she spoke eagerly, as if she was willing to tell the story. But she was fearful, too. "He will be back, sahib. He will kill me if he finds you here."

Fanshawe was suddenly brutal again. "Where are the ten thousand rupees?"

A catch in her breath. "I do not know."

"Where is the money, where is it? Tell me, or . . .!"

"It is there, sahib, hidden in the muttee wall."

"Where? Here?"

"Yes." Then the rustle of paper.

"Where does he land when he returns?"

"On the same slope, above the house."

"And why do you have hate for him?"

But she did not answer, and Fanshawe let the question go. "We'll take her with us," he said to Tim, "in case she plays tricks."

They crouched among boulders at the side of the gradual slope.

"He has a knife," the woman said. Tim glanced at her. He had been right this morning. She was exceedingly beautiful, with a vibrant beauty which would have been outstanding in a woman of any race. But there was a hardness about her face. She looked as if she could love and hate with passion.

"I'm going after him as soon as he lands," Fanshawe said. "You stay where you are and shine the torch when you see me move."

They waited in silence. It was the woman who saw him first. "He comes, sahib," she said, and pointed high in the sky, higher than Tim had been looking.

He saw it, coming with deep wing-beats, neither like bird nor bat, but like a new man flying, the first master of the air. Then he glided down towards them at great speed.

"I have returned," said the voice from the air. And there was a laugh. He banked steeply and swung in to land.

FANSHAWE shifted his position. His gun was in his hand. The man's legs dropped, and the angle of the wings changed so that they bit the air and slowed him. He touched the ground gently not thirty yards away and ran a few steps and stopped. He was breathing deeply.

But as he stopped, Fanshawe ran forward, and Tim switched on his torch. "Don't move!" said Fanshawe.

The man stood still. His mouth opened for a moment in surprise. Then his dark face was composed again. He did not look afraid. In the still air the beads of sweat formed on his great chest and ran down in a glistening trickle. There was a knife in his loincloth. He rested the wings on the ground, looking incongruously like the man on the deck of a carrier who waves in the planes.

The wings were made of a dark material. Perhaps it was the oiled silk which Tim had seen earlier that day. The frame was a rigid latticework of bamboo. It looked strong.

"I have the money in my pocket," Fanshawe said. "I arrest you."

The man laughed then. It was a deep laugh. "*You* arrest me!" he said. "I am the flyer. Who are you but a man without wings?"

"That is true," said Fanshawe. It was clever of him, changing his tune so quickly, playing the humble rôle, egging him on. "Your power of flight is a great and wonderful thing."

"I belong to the air," said Raj Ram. "I look down on ordinary men."

"Oh, flyer," said Fanshawe softly. "How did you learn this thing?"

"I watched the men flying in their noisy machines. I worked with the

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Mr. Patchett, a clerk in the office of H.M. Inspector of Taxes, intends to bank the bulk of his £500 prize, but first his home will benefit by many little things it needs.

Are there any little things *you* need? Your coupon is below and this week's big Christmas dinner offer is headed by another £500.

"I attribute my big success to the hints and tips in *'Bullets' Bulletin*," declared £500 winner C. R. Patchett. If you have yet to see an issue of "John Bull's" practical guide for would-be winners, use that Reservation Coupon on this page to secure an introductory copy, or a regular supply.

Continued from next column

ford: EVER SO NICE—COMMUNISM—IF YOU'RE COMMISSAR! Above seven winners each also receive Hamper.

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Continued in previous column

machines. I tended them. And then I bought books and learned the secret. And I knew that I would fly with my strong arms." He seemed not to know that Fanshawe's pistol was pointed at his stomach.

"Why did you kill the *bunnia?*" Fanshawe said, sounding like a humble pupil before his master.

"Because my father suffered at his hands. I revenged him. I waited many years and found the way."

"Oh, great one!" murmured Fanshawe. "With your strong wings you could have won many times ten thousand rupees."

"Who would want wealth if he could fly? I took that only to keep it from the *bunnia's* bastards." But the rapt madness, the exaltation, was passing from the man's face. Of a sudden he looked sane again. "Where is the woman who betrayed me?" he said harshly.

"I am here, oh man with wings," she said. "Winged man without manhood." Her voice was musical, but it was not pleasant to hear.

"Be quiet!" Fanshawe said sharply. "And you! Take off your wings!"

ONE second the man was standing there; but the next he had turned and was running downhill. Fanshawe hesitated. "Must shoot," he said loudly, speaking to himself; and he fired a shot.

The flash stabbed the darkness. The report sounded and echoed from the far hill.

But the man ran on. He was moving fast now, and the wings turned back and he flew out over the nullah. Fanshawe fired again at the shadowy figure, and a third time. The night was full of the noise.

Then the winged man crumpled and fell headlong in a steep untumbling dive. The wind drummed loudly in the wings. The sound of the first impact came from far below, a smacking thud, a snapping of wood, a movement of stones, a slithering rasp as the body rolled down the hillside, and a silence. Then it bounced, and bounced again. They could hear it all the way to the bottom of the nullah. There was no possible doubt that the flying man was dead.

"I don't see what else I could do," said Fanshawe. His voice was tired, all the hard confidence gone from it. "I'm just a policeman. I couldn't have let him go."

Tim said roughly; "Don't be a fool. You had to fire." He went over to Fanshawe. "We'll get him in the morning," he said. "Come on!" And he turned to go. Then he remembered the woman. She might be afraid to stay there alone.

"Do you want to go down?"

"No, sahib," she said. She was smiling, but for all the perfection of her beauty, it was not a pretty smile. "I shall stay here. I know a man who will come to me, a man without wings."

THE END

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2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated Dec. 16, and in JOHN BULL, dated Dec. 23, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

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Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

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Message Of Christmas
To All Men
On The Government Bus
More Customers
Adversity's Arrows
Childish
From Another Planet
Taken Over
At The Top Of The Tree
Humming And Hawing
Inside Information
Alfie's Stocking
A Mere Detail
Worrying Her
Nobody's Perfect, So
Spoonfed
Waiting For Santa
Not Very Interested
On His High Horse

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

Present From.....
..... Disappeared And
Determined To.....
Newfangled.....
Decorated With.....
Just What.....Wanted

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,759 (or Xword 711), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

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THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues **XWORD 711**

1. Generally stands for the King
3. Many folk vote according to
6. A huge crowd sometimes pays to see special one
9. Little chap usually shows his dislike for mother's this before very long
13. People who do this for more money come in for criticism from some quarters
14. Icy one shouldn't send such a cold shiver through you if you are prepared for it

Down Clues

1. Many people hardly use these at all except when on holiday
2. You may not feel severity of winter quite so much because of
4. Good sport will feel like kicking himself if he loses this
5. Certain kind of lead is a thin this
7. When there's any scandal going about, some people are
8. Must sometimes be unloaded by timber dealer
10. When mother hasn't time to turn round, one can be particularly aggravating
11. If you live in a drab, grey, industrial town, this rising beyond the roof tops may spell romance
12. Is valuable asset to most farmers at certain time of the year

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26 CHRISTMAS FEASTS WON—XWORD 706

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Wager. 3, Vile. 6, Sand. 8, Yap. 11, Gush. 13, Pule. 14, Dose. DOWN: 1, Wind. 2, Riot. 4, Links. 5, Graft. 7, Squire. 9, Hurdle. 10, Toil. 12, Hill.

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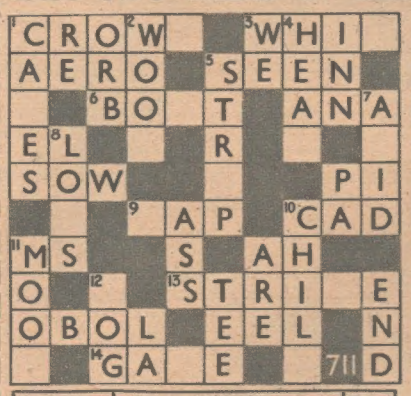

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and Form strictly copyright **711** Closing Postmark, Monday, Nov. 27

I enclose P.O. value.... No. .....

Signed.....

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In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil.

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Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

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B. .....

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

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B. .....

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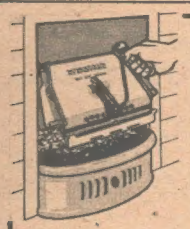

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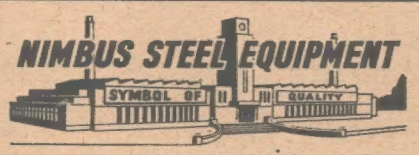

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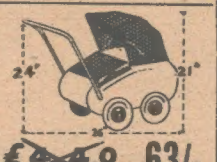

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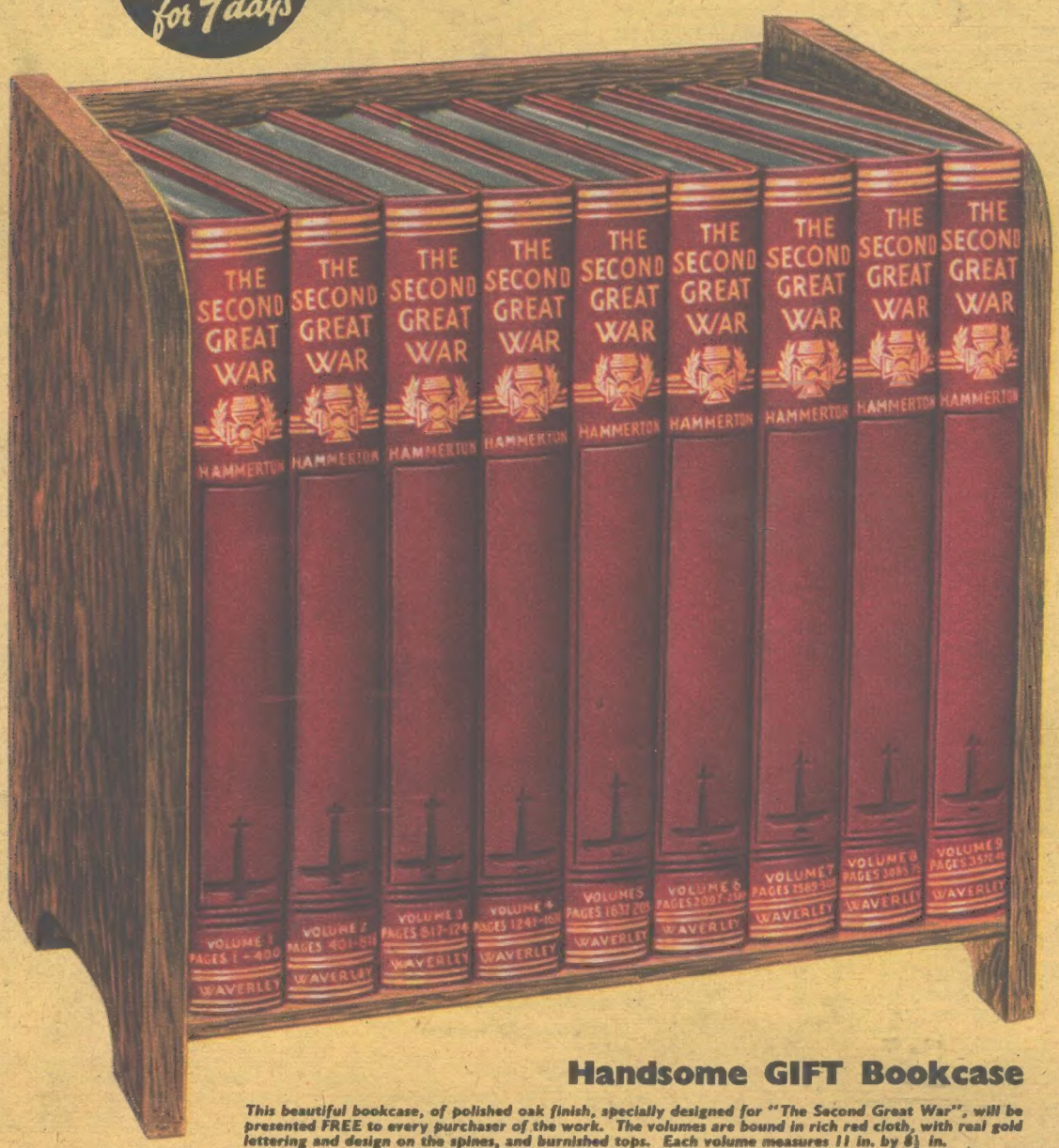

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